THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVII | New York, Wednesday, December 28, 1932 | Number 9

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1932, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE PROTESTANT SOCIAL CREED

THE REVISED "social creed," recommended by a special committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to the constituent members of the Federal Council—comprising the greater number of all the Protestant denominations—marks a great advance toward the practical application of Christian principles to the solution of many of the most pressing problems of today. The committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Edward T. Devine, has been working on its task since 1929. Originally adopted in 1908, after being formulated by the social action committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, this statement of the "social ideals of the churches" was revised in 1912, in a direction similar to that which the present revision more emphatically emphasizes. The statement was unanimously adopted by the Federal Council at its recent quadrennial meeting at Indianapolis. It only becomes authoritative for the various churches as each one separately adopts it. In view of the unanimity of its adoption, however, it is expected that the denominations associated in the Federal Council will accept the statement at the various meetings to be held during the coming year. Fortunately, the effort to add a birth control recommendation to the "social creed" was defeated. That particular problem was laid over till the next meeting of the Council, in 1934.

Free from this obnoxious feature, the revised social creed of the Protestant churches will undoubtedly work for a greater degree of harmonious coöperation among these churches in their laudable efforts to promote social justice. It certainly will incline the powerful Lutheran body, for example, which has taken a strong stand against birth control, to a greater degree of coöperation in the matter of promulgating, and working for the realization of, the social creed. In an even more marked degree, the revised creed must appeal for the sympathetic attention and general approval of Catholics. In fact, it would seem to open the way for actual coöperation. Perhaps it may prepare the path for a conference between representatives of all the Christian, and the Jewish, bodies to see if a positive agreement might not be reached upon a program for social justice based upon principles of morality and ethics acceptable to all these groups.

The first of the seventeen articles of the Federation's statement seems to agree precisely with the spirit and practice urged by Catholic sociology. It reads:

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"Practical application of the Christian principle of social well-being to the acquisition and use of wealth, subordination of speculation and the profit motive to the creative and coöperative spirit." The same thing may be said of several other recommendations. Specifically and clearly they agree with Catholic principles. Others, again, are clearly debatable; they are at times too vaguely expressed to be approved without searching enquiry into their meanings and implications.

We invite our readers' close attention to the statement as a whole, and invite letters from them discussing it as a whole, or in detail, as a preliminary—and wholly unofficial—experiment to determine, if possible, if definite action looking toward a closer coöperation of the religious bodies of the nation in working for prompt and effective economic reform is not a possibility. The year 1933 will be most critical. A continuance of the demoralization which has marked Western society since 1929 should be averted at all costs of self-sacrifice and energy. Any steps that would bring the religious forces of the world together upon even a minimum program of definite action would be most desirable.

It is in the spirit of such an effort that we submit the social creed of our Protestant brethren to the scrutiny and discussion of our readers. The seventeen articles of that creed are published under the caption, "The Churches Should Stand For:

"1. Practical application of the Christian principle of social well-being to the acquisition and use of wealth, subordination of speculation and the profit motive to the creative and coöperative spirit.

"2. Social planning and control of the credit and monetary systems and the economic processes for the common good.

"3. The right of all to the opportunity for self-maintenance; a wider and fairer distribution of wealth; a living wage, as a minimum, and above this a just share for the worker in the product of industry and agriculture.

"4. Safeguarding of all workers, urban and rural, against harmful conditions of labor and occupational injury and disease.

"5. Social insurance against sickness, accident, want in old age and unemployment.

"6. Reduction of hours of labor as the general productivity of industry increases; release from employment at least one day in seven, with a shorter working week in prospect.

"7. Such special regulation of the conditions of work of women as shall safeguard their welfare and that of the family and the community.

"8. The right of employees and employers alike to organize for collective bargaining and social action; protection of both in the exercise of this right; the obligation of both to work for the public good; encouragement of coöperatives and other organizations among farmers and other groups.

"9. Abolition of child labor; adequate provision for the protection, education, spiritual nurture and wholesome recreation of every child.

"10. Protection of the family by the single standard of purity; educational preparation for marriage, home-making and parenthood.

"11. Economic justice for the farmer in legislation, financing, transportation and the price of farm products as compared with the cost of machinery and other commodities which he must buy.

"12. Extension of the primary cultural opportunities and social services now enjoyed by urban populations to the farm family.

"13. Protection of the individual and society from the social, economic and moral waste of any traffic in intoxicants and habit-forming drugs.

"14. Application of the Christian principle of redemption to the treatment of offenders; reform of penal and correctional methods and institutions, and of criminal court procedure.

"15. Justice, opportunity and equal rights for all; mutual good-will and coöperation among racial, economic and religious groups.

"16. Repudiation of war, drastic reduction of armaments, participation in international agencies for the peaceable settlement of all controversies; the building of a coöperative world order.

"17. Recognition and maintenance of the rights and responsibilities of free speech, free assembly and a free press; the encouragement of free communication of mind with mind as essential to the discovery of truth."

WEEK BY WEEK

The Debt Situation

WAR DEBTS and snow storms have dominated conversation during the past week, and both are (as we write) still very much with us. But whereas snow reminds us of Shelley's cautious optimism, it is best to be very much in earnest about the debts. Meeting the December payments with a flourish of which Britons alone are capable, the London government nevertheless stated very clearly that something would have to be done by the time another instalment came due. To this American opinion nodded a general assent; and if newspaper comment is any criterion, regard for the English has risen very considerably in almost all parts of the United States. The French Chambre elected to default, thereby surprising all those who have believed that at the last minute a decision to pay would be arrived at. But the pressure of public opinion was too strong. Ever since the international conference which set up the Dawes Plan, the official French press has declared that war debts and German reparations were inseparably linked and that not a penny would be paid to America that did not come out of German pockets. The reasons which underlay this propaganda are many, but doubtless the most important were French disillusion-

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ment over the failure of the United States to join the League and French suspicion that Washington was trying to make its trade with Europe the chief determinant of Continental politics. At any rate the press had worked too long and too effectively to permit the Chambre to bare its teeth to public opinion. But M. Herriot stood his ground manfully and by his willingness to prefer defeat to concession quite effectively smoothed out a situation that might otherwise have grown very ugly. That there have been outbursts of hostility to France in certain quarters, or that a boycott has been threatened, it would be futile to deny. But, by and large, Americans have been sane enough to realize that the opposition encountered by Herriot was much like that met by Mr. Wilson in 1918. If America has since learned to coöperate with Europe, though not in the form prescribed at Versailles, it is safe to predict that France will meet the present issue on the basis of an acceptable compromise. So much is predictable by the logic of events and of necessity.

Adventure in Constitutionality

THE QUESTION of submitting the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the several states has raised a nice question of constitutional law. Mr. Garner's recent bill specified that submission was to go to conventions, the Constitution giving a rather ill-defined choice between those and legislatures. But it so happens that no other amendment was ever ratified by conventions. What are they, therefore, and how are they to be summoned into being? But perhaps it is well to consider first of all why the sponsors of repeal do not wish to deal with legislatures. Well, the question of prohibition is often an exceedingly personal one, and an attitude toward it may be determined by an individual's private allegiance to this or that group which takes a definite stand on the matter. Since many state legislatures are not representative in the strict sense—that is, are based on geographic rather than population areas, or are chosen with little regard for the actual sentiments of any given legislator—it follows that the "will of the people" might not be reflected in the vote of the state assemblies. Besides, most existing state legislatures have received no mandate from the people on this subject, and it would therefore be difficult for them to tell what the electorate wanted them to do. Delegates to a convention are directly chosen, and there could be no doubt concerning the way they were expected to vote.

SO MUCH having been disposed of, the questions raised above become pertinent. Professor Howard Lee McBain answers them very lucidly in a recent paper written for the New York *Times*, and we here are virtually repeating his views. There being no definition of "conventions" in the sense specified, Congress would doubtless have to legislate some machinery and supervision into being. Its constitutional rights seem adequate for the purpose. But since the sovereignty of the state must remain inviolate, the several legislatures would have to conform to the invitation of Congress if the amendment were ever to get before a convention. This they might in some instances refuse to do, without there being any way of taking compulsory action against them. As a consequence, a group of dry legislatures might manage to retard repeal. There is, however, little likelihood of their actually doing so for any great length of time. The time element enters into the picture rather by reason of the delays caused by getting congressional and state legislation, by setting up the voting machinery, and by raising money for the expense involved. In this instance some haste is really desirable, and so doubtless we are given the reason why Mr. Garner tried to get the House out of a huddle and into the play. Meanwhile, of course, interest centers on a "beer bill" which, according to predictions, will provide a safe, sane but delectable beverage—with tax.

Soviet Yule

A DESOLATE little note is struck, even among current news stories, by the Christmas manifesto of the Union of Militant Atheists, from Moscow. Even the too-plentiful tales of want and dereliction all around us do not chill the blood quite as much as the picture painted by the *Times* correspondent of a Russia where the folly of Christmas will again be pointed out to the adult populace, but where there is "no need to take special measures" in regard to the children, "for they have grown up without religion" and are not bothered by any sort of Christmas sentiment. Indeed, they are now expected to help "educate" their fathers and mothers in the new enlightenment. Inevitably there comes to mind the recent grisly tragedy of the two other children who were told off to "educate" their kulak family in the wickedness of hoarding grain, and who after several times reporting them to the commune, like spies, were killed by them as traitors. In that tangle of horror, the same general conception of human beings and human relationships was the actuating force as can be seen directing the babes to lead their parents away from the Babe of Bethlehem. No decent man who was sane would prompt such things, whatever his theories, one feels of both; though it is fair to say that no indication appears of condign punishment to be visited upon any grown-up found contumaciously clinging to a simulacrum of the Crib, or praying before Christmas candles. For the rest, the Militant Atheists have a number of lofty observations about their former mistakes in trying to eradicate Christmas. "The anti-religious carnivals," with music, lights, comic effigies of religious and sacred figures, and blasphemous songs, are to be no more. They are beneath the dignity of militant atheism. Christmas will be challenged this year by spending "not a kopeck," wasting "not an hour" from the factories.

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Less Than Scientific

A CURIOUS document appears in the latest *Atlantic Monthly* under the title, "Letter from a Scientist to a Priest." Its author, John Hodgdon Bradley, jr., we are told, is professor of geology at the University of Southern California, and his letter follows upon a meeting after many years with a boyhood friend (unnamed) who, in the interval, had become a priest. In writing down the meditations aroused by the reunion, the scientist expresses a point of view that is all the more remarkable for being patently sincere. His letter ranges over the old, familiar field of the contrast between science and religion, and he summons up the old stock conceptions only too well known to those familiar with a certain kind of controversy: the disinterested devotion to truth, the laborious, patient inductiveness, of the scientific man; the gratuitous but comforting security, the power of self-delusion, of the man of religion. But, though the conceptions seem the same, judging by the language used to describe them, something has gone wrong. For the scientist now tells the priest: "I am just as fearful of the dark as you are. . . . We [men of science] have lost our capacity for deluding ourselves but, being human, we are willing to try to regain it. . . . You believe . . . satisfying things about human life and death. . . . I want you to show me how I can."

NO ONE, certainly not we, would deny respect and a deep prayer of good-will to any man who feels the insufficiency of merely secular beliefs, longs for faith, and is manly enough to say so. But after that statement, let us hasten to make it clear that we feel there are unfortunate things in this scientist's attitude, things that are certain to becloud the issue if it ever becomes the theme for general discussion. It is no mere paradox to say that he is not nearly scientific enough. He wants, it seems to us, to have it both ways; and he exhibits, it seems to us, a sort of innocent arrogance that quite definitely begs the question. He speaks of "detecting presumption" in the priest's polemic and philosophic certainties. Does he "detect" any presumption even approaching his own in assuming that faith must be a sort of trick; in speaking of an old archbishop's faith, as a matter of course, as "strong and irrational enough to make him believe at eighty what he was told to believe at eight"; in supposing a priest will meet him on that basis? We do not know the priest, but we do know that, as a priest, he would not dare to rule out the *organum* of science as a mere instrument of self-delusion. He would be required to respect its canons philosophically even if he did not temperamentally. Our scientist might profit by the parallel, and practise saying to himself daily that other men besides scientists can care for the truth; that, for all he knows to the contrary, a priest may have standards as accurate in appraising it, and an austerity as great in following it, as a geologist. Not all of the letter is in this strain, by any means; there are moving admissions of the nightmare limitations of the secularist, and wistful and beautiful tributes to the strength that faith seems to give; at one or two points there is even the clear implication that religion *may* be true. But, in the main, it is not enough. To say "If there is no true beauty or hope in the world, we should like to understand the technique of convincing ourselves that there is," does not evince the right approach to religion; and we wonder, in all charity, that a scientist should consider it the right approach to anything.

Church and Race

AT THE University of Ottawa recently, at what was reported with a neat phrase as "une fête de l'intelligence"—certainly a nice designation for a learned conference—Father Georges Simard, professor of church history at the University of Ottawa, spoke on the rôle of the Catholic Church in ameliorating the difficult position of the French people in Canada. He was introduced by Monsignor Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion, who gave the key-note for these ethnically isolated people: "Love your history, your language, your race, but be big, be *catholique*." Father Simard then traced the isolation of the extensive and glorious French colonial enterprise in Canada, the increasing tides of Anglo-Saxon people surrounding the French with what was not only an alien language, but also an alien culture and the Protestant faith. The hereditary French Canadians were more and more cut off from direct connections with their mother country. It is a familiar circumstance that those Anglo-Saxons close to the situation are apt to be exasperated at what they conceive is the stubborness of the French people in not relinquishing their distinctive traditions and becoming assimilated in the numerically prevailing race.

DUE TO the adjacency of the United States, Father Simard believes that this course ethnically is inevitable, though the process will undoubtedly be slow and cultural resultants of the submerged race will always endure. The rôle of the Church, he pointed out, has been not only to preserve that sense of world citizenship in spiritual affairs which is given by membership in the Catholic Church, but also to preserve the French language and customs of the people. He pointed to the fact that the Church does not seek to destroy indigenous cultures, but with the sanctifying effect of grace, to elevate and perfect these natural orders. It has treasured the continuity of worthy human traditions, and resists the uprooting of these things from either ignorant and shallow motives or from self-seeking, worldly efforts at tyranny. The great work of the children of the Church as grammarians of various indigenous tongues and as careful historians, are examples well known to scholars of her consideration for race and for language. In the disturbed political situation of the world today, where those who politically have the upper hand are often violently arbitrary

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in their demands for sacrifices, literally millions of persons who are suffering the heart pangs of racial isolation know the tender consideration of the Church for natural human affections.

Give

SAYING anything further about alms would seem to be as superfluous a task as an editorial writer could set for himself. Yet there is a suggestion, received from a person with wide experience in relief work, which seems valuable enough to offer at this time. Could not most of us "budget for charity"? Arranging to set aside some portion of what remains after paying the bills—if it were only a dime now and then—would help toward lifting the frightful burden which rests upon the nation's poor. After all it is *their* burden. Those of us who can still make both ends meet, who are working for sustenance if not for profit, are by no means able to remove the pain and the dull ache of poverty but may ease some of the suffering of hunger and homelessness. Many of us give generously and impetuously, then forget all about the matter. Systematic saving for charity will help us to remember, as remember all of us must if our duty to Christ and our fellow man is to be done. During the war, women sewed and denied themselves many things in order to help the soldier in the trenches. But the front-lines of 1932 are in some respects worse than those of 1918. Thousands of children are there, thousands of fathers and mothers at their wits' end, thousands of wandering and hopeless young men and women. The distress this winter simply baffles description. If we here in this one little office were able to alleviate half of the misery which reveals itself to us, we should be able to rest easier of nights. And there are many whose knowledge of the situation is infinitely greater and more tragic than our own. In their name we say to our friends, "A dime a day may rescue some poor creature, body and soul!"

The Help of the Sick

SPEAKING in the singular of the editorial we, we visited the hospital clinic last week where our wife is a volunteer worker three days a week. As many as six hundred patients a day are treated there. Special clinics for arthritis, dental work, surgery, nervous disorders and other special purposes are operated under the general supervision of the Sisters with the aid of lay workers. The patients are charged only a nominal sum of a few cents which goes further in sustaining their pride than it does in sustaining the clinic, and, if they cannot pay, they are of course equally welcome. There is a social service department that sends someone to call for patients who need someone to accompany them to the clinic, or to take others home that are weak or distraught and have neither a friend or a member of the family to be with them. To the sentimental person thinking of the clinic merely from a statement of the bare facts, it might seem that it would be a sort of chamber of horrors and that its daily grist of human misery would be a devastating spectacle like a scene in one of the novels of the Russian realists. Pain of course there is and suffering, but also there is actually an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Everything is bustling order and efficiency, giving a reassuring sense that here something is being done for those who are in pain. There is also a sterling spirit of charity; and this is not ignoble or degrading, but the essence of the divine counsels and a practical assurance that brotherly love is not a metaphor but a live reality. The lovely poise and benignity of the Sisters, fruits of their spiritual grace and self-dedication, give an almost physically appreciable bouquet of sanctity to the place. The greatest of the theological virtues here beautifully confirms the others. Faith has immediate works the opposite of vain, and hope, no mere mental state, is renewed in freshets of eternity.

THE COST OF GOVERNMENT

WITH deflation in full swing, the nation has at last made up its mind to lower the cost of government, come what may. During the past week proposals for cutting the expenses of cities and states have followed Mr. Hoover's energetic demand for federal budgetary revisions even as a swarm of bees might accompany their queen on a rampage. There are several reasons why making this inevitable move has been so long delayed. It is not all a matter of graft and political pull—of men and women in soft berths who put up a brisk fight again dislodgement. In the first place, salaries paid to Civil Service workers have been considerably below the average for similar work. Being a policeman or a teacher sounds attractive when times are as awry as they now are; but we have only to remember scraps of conversation dated 1926-1930 to recall that the professor or the town clerk was looked upon as a poor devil who didn't know there was such a thing as money in the world. Some communities—Chicago for instance—set out to do nobly by the neglected teacher; but taken by and large the said teacher in his cottage or modest flat represented that vast body of pseudo-Platonic citizens who worked for the public because they were unable to do anything better. And again there was the old truth that good public servants were not to be had if the nation was going to treat them like beggars.

Now all has changed. The men and women employed by the country's governments constitute a phalanx of workers receiving steady, dependable incomes, while the world around them seethes with unsettlement and joblessness. If all this body were thrown out tomorrow, the total number of unemployed would be more than doubled—which is to say that about well more than a third of the nation's working population would be going about with tin-cups. Or look at the thing from the income point of view. The annual report of the Treasury Department shows that the total reported income

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has dropped 60 percent since 1928, while the number of taxpayers has declined 40 percent. Which means that public servants whose pay has not been cut are about twice as well off, proportionately speaking, as they were in 1928.

Accordingly it is only by subterfuge that existing salary scales can be maintained. Vacations without pay or "contributions" may for a time disguise the inevitable salary axe, but the sharp edge will do its clipping just the same. The federal government has already conceded the case. Relying as it has on income taxation, it has no chance of halting extensive reorganization plans and curtailments. Naturally the possibility of revenue from the sale of liquor still awakens hope in many breasts. Writing about prohibition in the New York *Times* (December 11), former Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer declares: "Such a course would obviously have the further advantage of making it possible for the government, at a comparatively early date, to secure by taxation on all liquors revenues in excess of $1,500,000,000. Both parties have declared for the maintenance of the national credit by a balanced budget. Just now a deficit for the current year possibly exceeding $1,000,000,000 is indicated, and the only prospect for relief from this situation, which is fraught with danger, to the credit of the government lies in further taxation." But since that voices a somewhat rhapsodical hope, the government will doubtless have to juggle a way between taxes and curtailments.

Particular interest attaches to what harassed cities will seek to do. A special session of the New York legislature will attempt to prescribe for the ailments of the world's largest city. The indications are that the remedies will be limited to laws permitting salary reductions. Ex-Governor Smith's plan of municipal reorganization seems to have impressed political groups chiefly as a dangerous thing to talk about—dangerous particularly because of the spotlight that might coax its author into the City Hall, where Democrats hardly want him and where Republicans would like to be themselves. Nor has President-elect Roosevelt's suggestion that a state commissioner be appointed to supervise the affairs of communities which are hard up received much more than a salute. These proposals are evidently as much ahead of their time as expense-cutting was in the great days of Jimmie Walker.

The New York *Herald Tribune* has devoted considerable attention to the budgets of large cities throughout the country. For several obvious reasons the summary makes interesting reading. Thus it is rather astonishing to learn that San Francisco closed the last fiscal year with a surplus, a reduced tax rate, and a saving of $1,000,000 effected without cutting salaries. City employees contributed, so we read, to the unemployment fund on a percentage basis. But of course this is one town in a thousand. Almost everybody paid their taxes. By way of comparison, there is Chicago where nobody paid any during a long "strike" which is now apparently over. The credit of the Windy City went down to sub-zero while the courts wrangled as to whether the tax schedules were legal. It is now predicted that major expired obligations will be met speedily and that some time next year (if all goes well from this point forward) the humble folk on the city pay rolls will get paper more bankable than the "scrip" with which they have been sadly familiar during recent years. Boston, on the other hand, is a city with excellent credit but a formidable deficit. The hole in the budget is the largest on record; the tax-rate outsoars anything in Bostonian history. Wherefore it is reputed that Mayor Curley's public works program will be abrogated while the city settles down to sackcloth and ashes. St. Louis, where the relief problem is very serious, has already inaugurated the sad task of making both ends meet. Or trying to, if you prefer.

And so the story goes. Looked at as a whole, the situation resolves itself into an endeavor to accomplish what has long since been relatively necessary and what cannot now be avoided any longer. Extravagance and mismanagement were evident years ago. Today they leave the taxpayer groaning under a burden which leads directly to the undermining of realty values and with that to the virtual destruction of money and business. Nevertheless the task of reconstruction ought to be undertaken intelligently. There is not a great deal of sense in lopping 10 percent off a salary none too high as it is, when orderly management could effect the necessary saving. And if public service is too highly paid, what of the capital which has been poured into a long series of municipal bond issues, or even into federal loans? The other day a Treasury offering bearing an interest rate of less than 1 percent was oversubscribed many times. That means: outstanding government loans were contracted for at prices out of keeping with present market conditions. There ought to be a wholesale revision on interest rates on all government securities in the interest of public welfare. If the citizen is to get along with less service, if departments with good work to their credit are to be abolished, if the generally ill-paid official is to get on with a smaller pay-cheque, then why in the name of common sense should not the security holder be asked to sacrifice a portion of the interest which, as it is, cannot be taxed? The public is surprisingly indifferent to this suggestion. Apparently people will run a mile to hear somebody demand that the Board of Aldermen lop a few thousands off their pay, but refuse to go a step in the direction of a demand for lower interest rates. Can the reason be the silence of the newspapers on this possibility?

At any rate, present "reform" plans are, for the most part, simply medicine. They do little economic good, beyond restoring some confidence, strengthening the borrowing power of the government and (perhaps) giving the taxpayer a few gulps of breath. Deflation is nothing to crow about, even when the person being deflated is someone whose salary you, as a citizen, help to pay.

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MALTHUS, NEW STYLE

By BROADUS MITCHELL

This is a time for frank and full discussion of social disorder. We have therefore given Professor Mitchell the present opportunity to question several basic assumptions of his fellow economists. "The conviction is growing in the minds of most people," he writes, "that the trouble lies in what Mr. Cole calls an inherent flaw in the capitalist, private-profit system." Examining this, one arrives after a series of apparently paradoxical reflections at the conclusion that in an age of plenty one must either have a capitalism based upon the legitimacy of waste or a "planned collectivism" of some sort.—The Editors.

THE LATE Simon Patten showed with much originality and eloquence that older forms of self-denial were appropriate to a long period of economic deficit. There not being enough to go around, that man was socially praiseworthy who did without. Methods of production were crude, and of transportation cruder. If one district, by a happy season, had too much, another almost contiguous might have famine. The bent stick was replaced by the ox-drawn plow, but the maxim did not change. When better tools appeared—power machines—there was redoubled reason for saving to procure them. Capital accumulation lacked the old halo of devotion to poverty, but it was a secular virtue of a high order, and deserved its own worshipers. There entered the new tactic of increased production, but the familiar admonition of sparse consumption became a part of it. Not only did the thrifty man abstain from immediate consumption of his wealth, but put fresh facilities at the service of society—factories, pikes, canals, railroads, ships and mines—and thus was doubly blessed.

Compared with the shining new capitalists, crowns looked tarnished and royal ermine moth-eaten. The capitalist was granted full immunity from social criticism; he was now the king who could do no wrong. All proceeded out of his hand. He gave work and wages; he lit the fires of the poor and grateful.

The classical economists of a century and more ago sang the praises of the capitalist in chorus. The state, though the mother of the citizen, was not to be allowed to snatch the infant from the breast of the economic wet-nurse. If this foster parent had milk, why was her affection for the child to be called in question? So, *laissez faire!* No interference with capital and capitalist enterprise. If hours of labor in the factories were long, if profits soared while wages hung at subsistence level, all was for the best, and nobody must break the charm by faintest protest.

This idolatry of the capitalist was part of the haunting fear of want. The classical economists, on behalf of the public, felt themselves pursued by it. Mouths threatened to multiply beyond quarterns of wheat. Nature was niggardly. It was the economist's office to contrive means by which man could outwit the soil and the elements. Increasing production, holding down population, and checking wasteful consumption were all parts of the same strategy. What seemed like human torments were blessings in disguise, or at least necessary evils—plagues, famines, wars, vice, the penalty of the gallows, and killing pauperism. All of these were protections against dearth. They hobbled consumption, while allowing production to quicken its pace.

Gradually, as machines multiplied and England became the workshop of the world, the sentiment of economists shifted toward an experimental regard for the welfare of the worker. It was still attempted to sing democratic restlessness to sleep with lullabies on the theme of abstinence, but the infant wriggled and cried. So it was allowed that capitalists, while their position as providers was absolutely secure, must be kind. The machine and the theory of the machine went unquestioned. If hurt resulted from the Industrial Revolution, this was a defect of human nature merely. Capitalists ought to be tinctured with philanthropy, and if this conversion was slow, then the state, reluctantly resurrected, must take a hand to prevent hard-hearted destruction of the people.

Men were wicked, but there was as yet no notion of vice in the economic system. What came out in the flesh was not known to be bred in the bone. Men were not aware of objective forces. They went ahead shouting for more and more goods, and more and more instruments to make these goods, with little thought that there could ever be satiation of desire. Congestion of consumables in one time and place was unfortunate, but there could never be a universal glut.

At length, forced by bitter experience, there came the disposition to question autonomous capitalism. But hardly had Britain's assurance weakened when America brought up fresh recruits to the protection of unhampered individual initiative, and these pushed the battle-front forward. In our own country had been discovered the business enterpriser. He was a functionary separate from the capitalist. He might have no capital, land, nor labor himself, but he was seen as springing into the midst of these, energizing them, combining them in profitable proportions, commanding them. He was the captain of industry. His emergence had the effect of postponing social scrutiny of the productive process.

The enterpriser's actions were studied, his devices celebrated. The distributive share of pure profit took its place alongside interest, rent and wages. For long afterward text-books appeared with such titles as "The Economics of Enterprise." The enterpriser being the gravitational force which held together ponderous capital, inert land and contentious labor, it was desirable

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to know how enterprisers came into existence. The answer was found in precious God-given ingenuity which inveterately insisted upon the maximum return for minimum outgo. The enterpriser came as near as anyone could to being "the economic man." In closest alliance with capital, he stood for thrift. He was profoundly appreciated because he increased satisfactions in relation to wants.

After a time, applause of enterprisers as a class turned to criticism on the ground that these men were not realizing their maximum opportunities. Private gain was not the same thing as public advantage to be sure, but the main complaint against competitive advertising, duplication of effort, and adulteration of goods was not that the public was cheated, but that waste was countenanced and encouraged. Waste was a thing reprehensible on its own account. We heard very recently of "The Tragedy of Waste."

Deciding that it was difficult to coerce private producers, attempts were made to inform consumers against the wiles of those who offer goods of poor quality or too high price. This was a poor tactic because it shifted the objective from a comparatively small number of known producers to the unknown millions of consumers. However, the point is that all was done in the name of increased economy.

Is it ridiculous to suppose that the present depression will witness rising from the horizon a new economic pole star? We have gradually been becoming conscious that the long period of deficit is behind us, that we have emerged into the era of superfluity. We have often observed that at intervals the wave of plenty rises to the height of surplus, curls in the collapse of prices, and rushes down to the trough of wide-spread want and frozen assets. We have repeatedly examined this fatal sequence and suggested every sort of explanation. All sorts of forces affecting the problem have been taken into account, together with their relative timing. In all of this scrutiny, the essential usefulness, even innocence, of the capitalist system has not been questioned by most economists.

Both overproduction and underconsumption were distinguished as features of the pre-crisis process, but the specifics sometimes offered for the period of depression would only aggravate these ills. That is, the depression could be dispelled by working and saving all the harder. Thrift was still the watchword. Mean living for a time would chasten our spirits and curb our extravagant appetites; but, miraculously through this program the wheels of industry were somehow to be started turning again.

Some students, scorning intricate statistics of credit, currency and car loadings, cast their eyes to the heavens and blamed the whole exasperating round of good and bad times upon the area of the sun spots or the phases of a planet. They bayed the moon. I speak of these economic astrologers, as also of their colleagues, the statistical virtuosos, with caution because of the esteem in which they are generally held. The quickest way to get yourself damned in the economic fraternity is to question the scholarly adequacy or lofty scientific purpose of accredited students of the business cycle. Nevertheless, I feel that these investigators are like the searchers in Poe's "Purloined Letter," who looked assiduously in all sorts of unlikely places, only to neglect the obvious. The forest is lost in the trees.

However that may be, the conviction is growing in the minds of most people, as it has been matured for years in the minds of Socialists, that the trouble lies in what Mr. Cole calls "an inherent flaw" in the capitalist, private profit system. The argument—an exceedingly simple one—is that, given private property in the means of production, and individual initiative motivated by personal profit, there is a superior steady drain of wealth to the owners and directors of capital, and a correspondingly lesser flow to those who supply labor. The result is a double misfortune, so far as economic stability is concerned, for capital equipment automatically augments itself, while labor, which perversely supplies the bulk of consumers, is rendered relatively impotent. Burgeoning production confronted by languishing consumption reaches a critical point in its career. Unless new outlets can be found, the steam boiler, under terriffic and mounting pressure, will burst. Hitherto unexploited markets may be discovered—through favorable trade agreements, foreign concessions in raw materials, or, in extreme cases, loans which present foreigners with at least a temporary purchasing power. Or war may open a fine big hole in the side of the boiler, through which more and more steam is invited to rush out.

But if no safety valve can be found? You may say that an answer might lie in drawing the fires, but the fact is that this has not been done because there are many stokers (individual enterprisers), the steam gage is defective, and often nobody reads it anyhow. What happens is an explosion, with those nearest to it scalded, and those farther away pretty thoroughly wet down. Manifestly what we need is steady fires, an accurate gage, and big pipes leading off from the boiler to radiators which condense the steam and send it back as water to be heated over again.

But I am not concerned here with ultimate remedy. Rather, in the spirit of economists' protests that the capitalist system must be preserved, however modified, I wish to question the further usefulness of the hoary motto of abstinence and enterprise. On their own contention, does not the golden text of thrift turn out to be very thin plate?

Our industrial technology having outrun our economic institutions, our proficiency in production having distanced our skill in distribution, and the nightmare of deficit having been replaced by the bloatings of plethora, why do we continue to declare that duty and salvation lie in stinting? It is true that near the beginning of this depression we witnessed a short-lived "Buy Now" campaign, pathetic and impossible of success because relying upon the purchasing power of individuals

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whose money had almost vanished, been seriously impaired or been in part sequestered against an even rainier day. The failure of this campaign has put us back in the old cold comfort of economy. On the other side of the equation, that of production, we are launched on an episode of federal subsidy for industrial undertakings, but here there is elaborate investigation to insure that all enterprises shall be "self-liquidating." There must be no unproductive ventures, no elaborate preparations coming to nothing, no fancies of promoters, public or private, lavishly indulged—in a word, no waste.

There need be nothing startling in proposing now an economy of waste, in developing a theory of prosperity built upon extravagance. The familiar rules have been rendered comic by the fix in which we find ourselves. We are presented with the supreme paradox of poverty through plenty, starvation because there is too much wheat, nakedness because there is too much cotton, fireless grates because there is too much coal. This being the contradiction, who can object to any departure from orthodoxy? Good sense having brought us to lunacy, perhaps some crazy actions will restore our balance.

Malthus, at the opening of our industrial era a century and a quarter ago, looked with some composure upon huge human calamities, continuing or spasmodic, because they reduced population in proportion to the food supply, or, more remotely, consumption in relation to production. War let blood, but the slain did not cry for bread. God was in the tempest. Malthus was called heartless, but, remembering that he was preoccupied with the threat of too little, his philosophy was good enough. We today, at our end of the industrial era, are mashed under the weight of too much. Malthus's way would be to say lighten the load by any means, for no device can be harsher than the fate which results without it.

To make the present syllogism true, we must substitute a fallacy for a term the validity of which has always been taken for granted. We must put foolhardiness in the place of prudence. Malthus wanted to eliminate mouths; we need to cut off hands. We shudder at the thought of war. It is wanton waste, the antithesis of economy. We fill the air with professions of peace. But Congress may not be altogether witless—always given, mind you, our economic system as it is—when one day it pledges us to international concord, and the next commits us for more cruisers. We are diverted momentarily in our economic misery by contemplating the horrors of possible war between Japan, China and Russia, with our country certainly called upon to assist the allies in stamping out the Huns of the East. But we know in our hearts that war in the Orient would lift us out of the slough of business depression and set us on the bank, with prosperity thrice guaranteed if we are belligerents. Of course, if war is to be a perfect instrument of business recovery, it ought not to stimulate production and reduce the number of consumers, and so someone has suggested—Stuart Chase, perhaps—that America mobilize for civil war and destroy all of the materials and equipment possible, and absorb millions of men who would consume unproductively, but use blank shells in all the guns.

Public works should not be, as we have been insisting, of useful character, but as nearly as possible useless. What could be better than constructing power dams which, instantly the water was turned in behind them, washed away? In beneficial effect upon steel and cement industries it would be of a piece with the recent burning of a sugar warehouse which must have been gratefully hailed in Cuba.

The great argument for bringing back liquor is that it would render us less efficient industrially. We were told that the late era of prosperity was partly owing to the soberness of the American workman; he drank milk instead of beer, he put his money into radios, automobiles and overstuffed living-room suites instead of coming home late Saturday night with a flattened pay envelope. But where did this lead us? Why, into overproduction, rendered worse by the confident device of installment buying. We need to render the worker less alert, so that he turns out a higher proportion of "seconds," breaks machines, uses muscle instead of mind.

A conservative speaker at the last meeting of the American Economic Association solemnly advocated a tax on new tools and machines, apparently with no notion of the terrific indictment he was bringing against the capitalist system. But, if capitalism is to be preserved, the proposal is essential, and should be extended to include prohibitive license fees on industrial laboratories. Government support of agricultural experiment stations should be withdrawn, entomologists should turn attention to breeding boll weevil, corn borer and Japanese beetle instead of blocking them. As in the middle ages when production outran consumption, apprenticeships should be lengthened far beyond the necessary learning period. All labor union rules for restriction of output should be countenanced.

A group of economists uninhibited by nineteenth-century dogmas urges inflation as the means of exit from the present impasse, but the fact that industrial and agricultural enterprisers cry quite as loudly for this medicine exhibits its weakness. Inflation would increase purchasing power, but it would also by the same sign stimulate production. The lifting of prices would start the whole car forward, but soon the engine must develop so much power that it shakes the chassis to pieces while the brakes drag again. Further, to the extent that inflation liquidates bond-interest receivers, it diminishes parasitism, because they are the idle rich, who consume without producing, and are inclined to demand expensive items. There is no point in destroying more rights to productive equipment and power so long as the equal operation of the means of production, upon which these rights are based, is not hampered. No device of currency or credit is worth anything in

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our present predicament if it does not give a boost to consumer demand without imparting a corresponding fillip to supply. Also, to conserve leeches we should turn a deaf ear to all proposals issuing from the Single Taxers, for their specific would put to work idle landlords and land alike.

There should be no taxes on consumption. Rather, we should levy on profits and, even better, on capital itself. But what about the worker, whose chance to earn is reduced by such measures? This brings up the question of the unemployed. Our whole effort is the mistaken one of getting people back to producing. We should not mind the growth of the army of the unemployed, but deal out the dole with the satisfaction of knowing that embarrassing surplus stocks of consumables are being wiped out with no corresponding addition to equipment or commodities. We should encourage strikes, certainly on the part of low-paid workers who can purchase hardly more than if they received a dole, and who yet add ruinously to the outflow of products. If the strikes are accompanied by destruction of property, so much the better. When we are all secretly praying for war or a new Mississippi flood or San Francisco earthquake, why should we be squeamish over damaged factories or trains?

The motive in these suggestions is that in our passage from the dogmas of dearth to the perplexities of plenty, we must forget solicitude for production and put our emphasis upon distribution and even more upon consumption. Though any attempt to give this policy systematic statement may seem demented, we have gone far in recognizing its logic when the plowing up of every third row of cotton is officially recommended to farmers and when restriction of acreage enters legislative halls. The same citizens who read of these proposals with composure were taught in school that the ancient destruction of half the spice crop in the Dutch East Indies was a horrible example of waste.

Apologists of the present order must embrace the economics of waste in their creed, or abandon their position and go over to the advocates of social planning under the auspices of dictatorship or through the common ownership of the means of production. The former course is as consistent as it is stultifying. Collectivism of some sort, toward which we are inevitably drifting, presents the only chance of converting a fatal surplus into grateful abundance, permitting proficiency in production to express itself in workers' leisure for consumption.

AMERICAN TRADE ASSOCIATIONS

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

IT IS due to the tremendous confusion in this economic world of ours that by now the great majority of the American people have reached the conclusion that leadership is the predominant requirement of these trying times. Knowingly or not, the people have spoken clearly enough in the recent elections. They may have expressed themselves in a negative form, through a protest vote of devastating proportions. Nevertheless, they have produced a distinctly positive result: a rather unified government, embracing President, Cabinet and Congress.

When we speak of leadership, the first institution which comes to mind, is naturally the government. There is none with greater authority, more power or better organization, not to mention the enormous resources at its disposal. To be sure, the government has time and again exercised such leadership for the good of the country, but only in emergencies. The foreign trade of the United States has largely been founded on government protection. But this historical fact must not be applied to domestic problems. For the question of foreign markets, in its preliminary stages, is not a thing which touches upon individual enterprise. It is a national issue. Therefore, foreign trade inauguration as well as its subsequent expansion has always taken place on the crest of a powerful national movement, headed by the government. This is as true of Great Britain, Spain and Portugal, as it has been in more recent years of France, Italy, Germany and the United States.

But the government cannot solve our economic problems. American business, under the microscope, is the enterprise of the individual. It is the individual who is responsible for these problems of competition, production, credits, profits and the like. It is the individual who is challenged. If, under the stress of conditions, we want to pass the buck on to the government, we involuntarily change the principles which underlie the "institution" of business. We de-individualize business, in a very literal sense. In which case we might as well go a step further and "socialize" business. It would be state Socialism; and if we have that in mind, by all means let's do it. The truth is, however, that we have nothing of the sort in mind. We are still clinging to the capitalistic conception of business. This conception is a proposition of individualism, and we should face the issue squarely and not try to hide behind the broad back of the government.

It is at this point where the trade association comes in. A trade association, logically, is representative of its respective branch. If a business man is facing difficulties too large for his own resources, he may be expected to turn to the higher unit which ought to have a better perspective of the trade problems, and more adequate means, namely the trade association. Viewing the distress of business men and business enter-

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prises all around, one is inclined to say that there is a wonderful opportunity for the trade associations to exert their prestige, to give their members courageous and clear-cut leadership. Practically every branch of business has its association.

What is the standing of these top organizations?

By their deeds ye shall judge them! Nearly every one of these trade associations has its publication. It has been my privilege to study these trade papers for a number of years. Two tendencies are outstanding, especially since 1929. The first is the never-ending cry for better support on the part of the membership. The second is an almost complete ignorance of our economic problems, including those with which even the layman is grappling. There is food for thought in these two trends.

The trade associations are not adequately supported by their members, not in the financial sense, and certainly not in that of whole-hearted collaboration; the reason being, obviously, that the average business man does not see his way clear to invest time, money and labor in an effort of whose benefits he is doubtful. The deeper reason lies in the history of American business.

This American business has been built by the energy, the initiative, the tremendous and adventurous-like drive of a pioneer-spirit. There was no planning in this fairy-tale of American business endeavor; or else, agriculture would not have been so totally and blindly ignored. There was no careful measuring of cautious perspective, or else, American industry would not have been built overnight. There was neither control nor balance, or else, American railroads and American banks would not have shot up like as many mushrooms after a fertile rain. This business was built on the sheer strength of individual ambition, and the terrific power of individual desire for betterment and wealth. And only the fact that all this happened not on a relatively narrow strip of land (such as is the case in Europe) but on a continent of almost unlimited territory, prevented its premature collapse.

The trade association or, for that matter, any cooperative effort had no place whatsoever in this gigantic enterprise. The American farmer, the American miner, the American manufacturer stood on their own feet. It had its psychological effect. These men cared for nothing but their own interests. They saw nothing but their own goal. It has become a tradition. Moreover, there was never a time in the 150 years of American history, that these men had to cater to anything but the supply of the people's demands. Their shops and stores and plants were crowded with buoyant buyers. They could not make enough things. The shelves were empty most of the time.

It is now for the first time that we have come to the end of the trail on which was written with capital letters: production. It is for the first time that these farmers and manufacturers, executives and managers are confronted with an unknown quantity: consumption. It is for the first time that they cannot stand any longer firmly on their own ground. For the first time they have to consider other, outside interests. Their traditional outlook and principle is challenged in the most unmistakable terms. Can they find the courage, the vision to shift? Do the trade associations assume the lead and show them the way to a new conception of business?

The story of the trade associations' activities, especially during the years of depression, is one of dismal failure. They have tried to exercise authority, to give their members a certain amount of leadership. There have been cases, notably in the copper, zinc and other metal industries, where central organizations have largely contributed to a flourishing state of their respective branches. However, these cases are isolated and, besides, it is well to bear in mind that the copper, zinc and other producers gathered around their trade and research organizations at a time when the issue at stake was not to retrench, but to expand. There is a vast difference between the two; coöperation is easily enlisted if gains are in prospect. But the loss, if only an imaginary loss, involved in retrenchments and sacrifices, does not precisely encourage the individual business man to turn to the trade association. For what were his gain?

The trade associations have yet to convince their members of the absolute need for such sacrifices and retrenchments. What is more important, most associations have yet to come to the point where they are willing to emphasize such need. The majority of trade papers—and many of them are association papers—are still concerned with their very own problems or, at best, with the problems of their respective branches. Thus they are concerned with the power of advertising rather than with the weakness of the consumer's pocketbook. New methods of how to sell more shoes interest them more than new methods of how to enable more people to buy shoes. And so one could go on endlessly and enumerate thousands of instances. All of them would prove that the average trade association, arm in arm with its members, stands as squarely as ever on the principle that production is predominant. I have yet to see a trade association or a trade paper which knows enough about our economic problems to admit that the consumer is the governing figure in our economic system, and which would act accordingly. There is no trade representation, in my belief, which is not the protagonist of one-sided productive interests. Yet, as far as I know there has never been anything wrong with our productive system, with its efficiency, machines, quantity-production and so on. What has been wrong, and still is wrong, lies on the consumer's side.

With these two handicaps in mind, namely lacking membership-support and economic ignorance on the part of the trade associations, we may recall that many important economic plans and programs are based on these associations as the pivotal point of reconstruction and recovery. The O'Shaughnessy Plan, the Swope

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Plan and many others grant them key-positions in their respective schemes. Naturally, they assume that co-operation of all the association members on the one side, and competence of the association leaders on the other side will be a "matter of fact." In reality, co-operation as well as competence are illusions. They are not confirmed by the past and certainly not borne out by present conditions. For more complete details one need not go further than the American farmer. Under pressure, he would not turn to any sort of association, but to self-help. In most trying conditions the American workingman stays away from the unions. Nowhere are individual conditions worse, I believe, than in the silk industry. Yet, the independent manufacturer and trader are firmly convinced that, if the entire industry will collapse, he will be the one to rise victorious like Phenix from the ashes. Such an attitude runs true to the traditional character of American business.

Three years of depression have not been "depressing" enough to override this traditional trait. And the best-intentioned plans and programs will not and cannot succeed as long as this underlying force is not taken into consideration. Dominant individual behavior has been responsible for the depression and is responsible for our failure to arrive at a solution.

Due to lack of space it was possible to give only a very much abbreviated outline of the difficulties which the trade associations are facing. Attention may be called, however, to one fact: in agriculture, the trade associations would have to deal with not less than 6,500,000 individuals and, what is worse, 6,500,000 individual characters and traits. This looks like an impossible task. And it seems much easier in industry where there are less than 200,000 manufacturing establishments. To bring even this number under one hat, would seem a herculean task. But then, the question arises: are trade associations really necessary to bring about coöperation?

It was said in an article, published in THE COMMONWEAL on June 8, 1932, that fully 90 percent of all these establishments turn out only about 20 percent of production. Or looking at the issue from the other side of the fence: a mere 10 percent of all factories account for 80 percent of national production of industry. If these 10 percent were strictly organized, they would form a phalanx so powerful that they could without protest dictate economic laws. The remaining 90 percent, that is, the multitude of producers who account for 20 percent of production, would have to follow suit, or perish.

The problem is further simplified if we recall from the article just referred to, that not more than 3.5 percent of all the establishments are large-scale organizations. All that would be necessary for a unified effort would be to concentrate on these 3.5 percent. It would be an advantageous scheme, for not only would it leave out of the program the mass of producers and merchants with whom stubborn individualism and the predominance of production has become a sacred law, but it would deal with the leaders of great industries who have a better understanding of fundamental economics and a better insight into the principles of consumption. In such a scheme the place of the trade associations would be what they deserve: an unknown quantity. They would be non-existent.

This plan, embracing the 3.5 percent of manufacturers, is offered for whatever suggestive value it may have. The result of the Hoover conferences has shown how difficult it is to obtain coöperation and a sound economic understanding of the needs of our times even from these 3.5 percent. But undoubtedly it is easier to deal with 6,000 people than with thirty times as many.

And Day Awake Me—

and day awake me (as it will)
who know these mirrored eyes now night makes bleak
of still and collonaded places where your smile
called all this windy desert by an high name
(*I*
roam here; here dwell I, wanderer,
wind-harried, butt of crows) and rhymed, rhymed all
this wilderness with weaved gold gardens garlanded
with brightness—there! there! there!—above dark's
gibberish ways in windiness and day's
tried streets that bleakly give on emptiness—
these eyes
shall open only onto winter-levelled worlds
and wintry save there your smile
burst with a leaf leaf leaf and then sheafed leaves
(*Retrieve*
my lands! here stand I, winter-harried, butt of nights
like crows while days go over)—
this mouth
which masks a windiness and dark
its broken lips yield in a crumbled speech—the
gold groves spoken as wind's wrack, the gardened waves
as graves turned under grassily—will yield
discordantly a skein of tangled cries
and incoherent warning if the day
come not with trumpets lifted up to waken, rouse
this wry, this winter-bitten, with your high name
among the skies—your smile
be as the day's grave porch of silence in the way
of winter's biding, hiding at the first leaf
of morning to bespeak again once more the way
of days as seasonward to earth

(*O conjure conjure*
conjure me this day
and lay thy smile about me like a stole
who am old old old and winter-bitten
who am lost within myself
in windy distances I walk

O conjure conjure with your breath
put near and nearer to
my tenantless and dusty ear

Let beat of thy unabating breath
awakeneth my death.)

RAYMOND LARSSON.

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THE IRISH PLAYERS PRESENT—

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

ARE THE Irish capable of mixing poetry and business to their own pecuniary advantage? In an article in THE COMMONWEAL some time ago, Mr. John Moody presented a financial expert's estimate of the Irish Free State. It was a surprising and flattering report. In a world nourished on the idea that the Irish were unpractical dreamers, filled with poetry and improvident notions, it was news that on the contrary they were extremely shrewd business men, modern and enterprising innovators, and withal so conservative that they had built up the soundest credit in Europe. Recently New York has had an opportunity to see how well the Gaels can profit from another sort of credit—a heavy balance of dramatic literature which they have been piling up for the past half-century.

When the Abbey Theatre Repertory Company landed here in October for the first grand tour since 1913, it seemed as if it was a wild, unbusiness-like adventure. The pre-war visits to this country were far from lucrative, and after the war some companies made up of individuals from the Abbey Theatre—but without official connection—met with financial losses in their presentations in the United States. Broadway in 1932 certainly presented no rosy, encouraging picture and yet within a week of the Players' opening, they were packing the house. Before they closed their engagement and set out on the road, they were turning away applicants for standing-room. It is an understatement to say that their New York run was a great success.

Just a glance at the list of plays offers one explanation why it was successful. In a Broadway surfeited with artificial, hack-made dramatic articles, the Players came like a refreshing breeze from the Atlantic, bringing the salty aroma of real peasant drama, the authentic comedy of a green, unsophisticated land. Plays by John M. Synge, the world famous "Playboy of the Western World," "The Shadow of the Glen," that too infrequently presented little gem, the unforgettable "Riders to the Sea"; plays by William Butler Yeats, "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and "Words upon the Window-Pane," examples of the art that earned its author the Nobel Prize; plays by Lennox Robinson, Lady Gregory, Sean O'Casey, T. C. Murray; and new plays by younger writers, proof that Ireland's dramatic literature is still in the making. Why should not the hungry theatre public in America respond?

It was the "Playboy" which gave the best test of the company's ability. Few people are unfamiliar with this gorgeous comedy about a young peasant who thinks that he has killed his father—his "da' "—and wins the admiration of the villagers and the love of a beautiful colleen, Pegeen Mike. It contains that magical combination of hilarious comedy so typical of Synge's genius. In its dialogue the language, the living speech of the Irish peasantry, becomes pure spoken music—an enchanted, unblemished speech, words packed with racy significance, phrases unworn by modern civilization. Whoever heard Mr. Arthur Shields as Christy and Eileen Crowe as Pegeen Mike pluck the strings of this precious instrument in the famous love-scene must agree, after the most sober second thoughts, that it is even as great dramatic art as Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

Synge's plays have been far from unknown in this country. Little theaters, college societies, stock companies have given, rather, attempted to give, many of these plays, but whoever has sat through their performances, must have felt the enormous inadequacy of the diction, the clumsy mimicry of what is most beautiful in the Irish brogue. Anyone who has witnessed a performance of "Riders to the Sea" in some Community Theatre and suffered from the awkward, meaningless sounds from the mourners, will welcome the Irish Players' production with its realistic interpretation of the sorrow of a mother who has lost her sons, and the keeners who voice the grief of generations of Irish.

Synge provides us with the *adagio* of Irish life, but Lennox Robinson is all *scherzo*, all light and humorous, and at times of unbearable funniness. The very title of his "White-Headed Boy" is packed with humorous Irish allusion and from beginning to end is rollicking, mirth-provoking, laughter-bidding. It is a masterpiece of its *genre* and the best authority to quote is that dramatic ogre, so sparing of superlative compliments, George Jean Nathan, who said, "It is the funniest play I have ever seen." Certainly the coldest, most blazé theatre-goer must needs thaw out when Maureen Delany and Barry Fitzgerald in the classic rôles of Aunt Ellen and John Duffy enact the most comical scene in the whole play, the middle-aged courting and affiancement. One may well say that these two actors are the best character mummers in the company, mingling hilarious tics and idiosyncrasies with extraordinary ability to interpret the parts as written by the author.

These two are excellent actors but one hesitates to call them the "stars." Reviewing the great accomplishments of the repertory, Mr. Shields's Christy, Miss Crowe's Kathleen Ni Houlihan, Mr. Carolan's Ned Shay and Mr. O'Dea's Luke Cary in "The New Gossoon," Mr. McCormick's Harold Mahoney in Lennox Robinson's new "Far-Off Hills," one perceives with relief that it is a company without a star. Every player is undemonstratively good, and the ensemble has an even, symmetrical level of acting that is a happy

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contrast with the lopsided performances of the star-ridden American productions.

Thanks for this and other achievements of the Players is due to Mr. Arthur Shields, the director, who has hit on the happiest possible solutions of *decor,* direction and distribution of parts. He is no believer in stage-tricks and mechanical innovations, and he founds his company's talents on a conscientious attempt to evoke the spirit of the Irish people, to give the indigenous, the national flavor to all the performances. The settings are simple, almost primitive from a dramatic standpoint, but the charm of the Irish countryside comes not from the painted drops but from the speech and particularly from various pieces of business. The handling of a bottle of whisky, the brandishing of a hoe, the centering of the life of a cottage room about the fireplace, gives more atmosphere than all the decorative art of the modern theatre.

The plays of Sean O'Casey, on whom has fallen the mantle of the dead Synge, provide a good example of this. Let O'Casey have just a bare, little chamber in a Dublin tenement and he is off spinning a fascinating play about the occupants, their side-splitting antics, their pathos and their tragedy. O'Casey has less of the verbal music which is Synge's, but he has an almost equal gift of dialogue. Besides there is a mercurial quality in his work, which is peculiarly his own among Irish dramatists. At one moment, the Paycock is strutting with prodigious funniness by the side of his toady, Joxer—by the way, a character creation unequalled in modern literature of the stage—and the next moment, the audience's laughter is suddenly frozen into horror by the swift, terrible vengeance of the Irish revolutionaries.

The Irish can laugh at themselves, yes, but they are also capable of laughing at one of the things in which their emotions are most entangled—Irish nationalism. A striking example of this was Mr. Shields's felicitous placing on one evening's program of Yeats's "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," with its inspiring appeal to patriotism, and Sean O'Casey's little-known "Shadow of a Gunman."

The former play, with all of the symbolical beauty which Yeats knows how to infuse in a dramatic piece, undoubtedly has more dynamite in it than all of the bombs of the Sinn Feiners. Mr. Shields says that this play—and Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon"—"did as much for the national cause as the secret societies." What Irish heart can resist the appeal Kathleen Ni Houlihan makes for her "four green fields"—Munster, Leinster, Ulster and Connaught? But, at the same time, what spark of Irish humor can resist the disillusioned speculations uttered by Barry Fitzgerald in the play that followed, the mordant comments on the seamy side of revolutionary causes which make the dialogue of the "Shadow of the Gunman" sparkle? Ireland like Figaro laughs at its world to keep from crying.

But these are names of giants, of established reputations—O'Casey, Synge, Yeats, Robinson. What of the recent aspirants to their literary Olympia? The Abbey Theatre office in Dublin is swamped every week with manuscript submissions, and the director has chosen a few to present on the American tour. The best is probably George Shields's "The New Gossoon," a frolicsome comedy which plays new variations on the theme of crabbed age and youth. When Ellen Cary (Maureen Delany) hides the spark plug of her son Luke's (Denis O'Dea) motor-bike so as to prevent him from taking the "village hussy" for a ride, she precipitates a whole net-work of intrigue and counter-intrigue, replete with merriment and keen dialogue. Yet the play is more than a conventional comedy, it is a brave attempt to deal with the subject of changing manners and morals in the Ireland of today. Mr. Shields's is a talent which will bear watching.

After the conquest of Broadway, the troupe left for a thirty-two-week tour through the cities of the East and the Middle West. They will have a return engagement in New York in the spring. Their first road appearance was in Philadelphia, that city which gave the players such a stormy reception in 1913 when the "Playboy" was jeered and hissed and the actors were hailed before a police magistrate. But Philadelphia Irish-Americans, less sensitive now, saw in it but another glory of the Irish genius and applauded it heartily. Other cities cannot fail to follow the example of Philadelphia and New York.

For, while the Irish came to us formerly for money, for help, for sympathy for their national cause—poor relations to whom we proffered alms—now they return as wise men of the East, rich with a great heritage of culture and poetry, bringing gifts which Americans should admire. The Players present to American audiences high comedy and fascinating drama—an unforgettable picture of that Ireland where

> . . . even the old are fair
> And even the wise are merry of tongue.

They are, as W. B. Yeats characterized them at the start of the tour, "ambassadors of Irish taste."

Childless Woman

She kept an azalea
In the sitting room,
Foaming all winter
With coral bloom;

And red geraniums
On each sunny sill,
Gold pots of crocus
And daffodil

So no one who passed
By outside might guess
That window flowers
Masked loneliness.

JOHN HANLON.

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MYSTICAL AND LITURGICAL POETRY

By KENNETH RYAN

FRANCIS THOMPSON, for all his inability to rise from bed in the morning—a circumstance which not seldom prevented his attendance at Mass—had nevertheless a knowledge given to few rigidly self-abnegating mystics about the Holy Sacrifice. He owed much of his poetic inspiration to the basic thoughts and actions of the Mass, and in some cases he was indebted to its actual wording. He pleaded, for instance, in his "Orient Ode" to the sun (the figure of Christ),

> That thou, Isaian coal of fire,
> Touch from yon altar my poor mouth's desire.

He knew, of course, the Old Testament source, but the Mass was nearer him than the Old Testament and it is safe to say, in view of his other adaptations, that this came from the prayer before the Gospel.

The only reason I mention Thompson at all is because his work, by contrast, shows us something of the true nature of the poetry of the Mass, helps us discern in what sense the Common of the Mass may be called poetry. It must be understood from the start that the aesthetic element in the liturgical texts is not their reason for being, nor even their most important component. They are none the less poetry of a kind—perhaps it would be more accurate to say that one finds in them one in particular of the prime requisites of all poetry, that is, the power of evocation.

The poet must place within the compass of a few words an evocative allusion of tremendous power to some fact of more or less general experience. It is easier to state the principle than to give good examples, but Shelley exclaiming "Arethusa!" was trying to evoke in his readers a remembrance of a whole background of mythology. He expected his ejaculation to be supplemented by the reader's own knowledge of the spring and its meaning to the ancients. Much of the charm of certain lines of Shakespeare—"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past"—comes from the fact that the reader immediately supplies from his own mental experience a parallel to the one mentioned by the poet. The sonnet of Keats, "When I have fears that I may cease to be," must call forth an appalling echo from hearts that are without a real faith that they will never cease to be. The empty coldness of Swinburne in his passage ending, "Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea," can find complete response only in the philosophical unbelief which the civilized pagan builds up to persevere in atheism. The common power of these quotations lies in their correspondence with a background already existing in the mind of the reader. If the background is not there, the reaction may be one of distaste as well as indifference, for example the Christian's reaction to the elegant statement of Swinburne that "dead men rise up never, that no life lives forever."

Given the proper background in his reader's mind Thompson's poetry possesses to a tremendous degree this power of evocation. For the most part he confines himself to calling upon the religious experience of his reader as he does in the "Hound of Heaven," or upon whatever knowledge his reader may have of mystical and dogmatic theology as in the "Assumpta Maria." Now to say that the text of the Common of the Mass is poetry of this kind, that it unconditionally requires a background of religious experience and theology for its understanding, would necessarily preclude many from its intelligent use at the Sacrifice. But one need maintain no such proposition, for even the casual perusal of the Common of the Mass will show that a golden mean is struck between the extreme and sometimes faint allusiveness of the mystical poet and the *sermo pedestris* of forthright prose. It has been a fact of rather common acceptance that dogmatic theology is dull. So it seems when embedded in a textbook. But when it is given life, as it is in poetry, whether that poetry be found in a liturgical text or a mystical poet, it takes on a beauty, depth and vividness which give it its true value—the highest form of knowledge to which the mind can apply itself. The Common of the Mass gives life to theology in this way, but without depending utterly, as mystical poetry must, upon the power of allusion.

Perhaps the best example of this is found in the prayer "Deus qui humanae" at the pouring of the wine and the water. There as nowhere else is found true poetry. The Church finds in the simple action of mixture of wine and water a figure of the great truths of the Incarnation, the Beatific Vision and the operation of grace. By a concise and beautiful statement of these things she evokes in our minds an overwhelming flood of spiritual thought. The difference between this and purely mystical poetry can be aptly illustrated, for in several places Thompson's thought and imagery were undoubtedly derived from this prayer. His lines by themselves give almost no hint of their full meaning except to one thoroughly familiar with the theological background and conventional figures from the Mass which he uses. For instance,

> Lo, a wonder and a terror—
> The sun hath blushed the sea to wine!

or,

> Now the days of promise near us
> And the sea shall be no more. . .

standing alone are obscure enough to be called enigmatic. Yet a study of their context will show that they

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contain the ideas which are so much more clearly stated in the prayer, ". . . Grant, that by this mystical union of water and wine, we may be made sharers in His divinity Who was made sharer in our humanity. . . ." Though the same figures, wine for divinity and water for humanity, are used, the pure mystical poetry of Thompson offers undoubted difficulty to the reader; the liturgical text preserves the quality of poetry by its abundant allusiveness, yet precludes, in its clarity, fewer from its complete understanding. It retains the power of evocation without resorting to the enigmatic statements with which the mystical poet tries to bestir his reader's mind. The liturgical texts are superior to mere prose in that they have the power, peculiar to poetry, of drawing on the whole mental background of the reader.

This kind of speculation has a definite point when we consider that the Catholic laity as a body is being asked to follow the Mass in the Missal. The request is eminently reasonable and can be based on the double appeal which the Mass text makes: one to the person who prefers straightforward, simple, intelligent prayer, the other to him who is able to draw from it the full wealth of its meaning. It can be read as prose, it can be appreciated as poetry. What the individual wants to do with it remains in his decision. The Mass text can be made the starting point for the exploration of much of the Church's higher teaching: the "Communicantes" in the Canon comes from the doctrine of the Communion of Saints; the "Supra quae propitio" suggests the study of the history and efficacy of sacrifice; the mysterious operation of grace is referred to in the "Deus qui humanae," original sin in the preface of Passiontide—the list is long. All the teaching of the Church is not to be found in the Mass text and no doctrine is systematically explained there, so it is only after some general study of the dogmas of the Church that the full meaning of the text is obtained. The ultimate aim of the intelligent Catholic should be so to acquaint himself with his own faith that he can read the Missal at Mass as though it were mystical poetry, and thus draw from its phrases that flood of meaning which will properly dispose him in his prayer and sacrifice.

Beauty Is Never Old

Beauty is never old, but fresh and fair
As if newborn this hour, enchants our sight.
The primal two in Eden did not stare
On sunset's fire with wonder and delight
More than is mine today; the ageless Night
Twines the same planets in her dusky hair.
Beauty is never old, but fresh and fair
As if newborn this hour, enchants our sight.
Blue waters circling Greece such foam crests wear
As when pale Sappho gazed from Leucas' height;
Ten thousand autumns does the forest dare,
Yet none find Nature's ancient phrases trite.
Beauty is never old, but fresh and fair
As if newborn this hour, enchants our sight.

SISTER M. ANGELITA.

A SHEPHERD OF EGREMONT

By BENEDICT FITZPATRICK

I SAW him for the first time walking between the gardens looking toward Egremont castle along the path that led from the priest's house to the chapel. My father had met him when he arrived from Downside Abbey the night before, and had come home with quiet emotion to tell us that the new priest was the most magnificent man he had ever seen. I could not have been more than ten years old at the time, and I have a surface recollection only of the pastor who preceded him and who had visited our house at all hours. The old priest had been patriarchal, apple-colored and grey. The new priest was tawny and golden and strange. And assuredly we caught our breath as he drew near to us. He appeared taller even than old John Stratton whose quick steps we accounted for by his connection with the army. But this was only a small thing in our astonishment. This new priest had the air and figure of those benign archangels on lace pictures in our prayer-books. A giant in stature, upright and trim as the smooth trees round St. Mary's, regarding us with reflective blue eyes beneath the high curved forehead and biretta, he looked the beau ideal of the stainlessness and other-worldliness of which the priest is in aspiration the embodiment.

I have a faint recollection of falteringly introducing myself in the sacristy and showing him where the vestments were kept, for I was already an altar-boy. The chapel, which was also the school, was crowded to the infant room with its painted lilies and scrolls, where ancient Miss Baines, whose small figure and long cane had disciplined a generation, sat with her organ and choir. There may have been pride, there was unquestioned exaltation beneath that small surplice, as I walked in front of the priest to the altar. I understood the sudden quiet, the straining of necks and rounding of eyes that ensued. The breathlessness endured during the responses of the "Introire," and the strange, rotund voice had no accompaniment but distant calls and the chirping in the hedges beyond.

And then, as the expectant congregation settled back with sidelong interchange of glowing glances, something that looked like a miracle revealed itself. The Gospel had been read and the text for the sermon was being announced. Every eye was scanning with an access of wonder the glorious forehead and the soft waving plume of yellow hair that had become visible with staggering effect. Every ear was drinking in the tones of that wonderful voice and was waiting to be subdued by an eloquence never heard before. Here indeed was Gabriel with his trumpet, and marvellous indeed would be the message it would carry from the world of beauty and of truth.

But there had come a pause, and out of it some slight general consternation. The commanding figure, turned toward the congregation, was far from at ease. The strong, noble countenance, contoured as softly as a woman's, was blushing with a woman's confusion. The words, in a gentle booming, and shot with boyish, deprecatory accents, were forming themselves laboriously, with stammering and repetition and anxious clasping of hands. To that simple congregation it gradually became clear that their new priest, whom they already adored, and who had been for years on the mission, was no orator. Few as they were, they had been sufficient to cripple him with stage fright. And so it continued during the years that followed. I never knew this wonderful priest to be able to preach a sermon that was not a trial to him. Never was he able to let himself completely go. Sunday after Sunday he addressed the congregation with the twisting and halting and supplicating diffidence of one who ap-

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peared to have been given almost everything except the gift of tongues.

Outside of the pulpit seldom could there have been any character more nearly perfect. The outward sign proved here indeed the symbol of inward grace. Never was there a priest more solicitous or hardworking. Never was shepherd closer to his flock. I never saw him give way to any exhibition of temper. I often saw him worried, and with good cause. He must have been continuously lonely. His only real companions were priests, Benedictines like himself, from Downside, who came in now and again from neighboring Cumberland towns. From these I, with the wide-open ears of a hero-worshiper, heard tales of Father Worden's prowess in his college days, how he took in his stride five-barred gates which other students went round, how he had outstripped every man of his time in all forms of sport. Indeed I myself saw him sprinting after truant schoolboys, who were impairing the grants from the Education Department, in a fashion that paralyzed the fugitives and filled the onlookers with wonder.

And he and I became great friends. The upward-looking worship as to mysterious divinities which children give to the generation in advance of their own, became transfigured in the glowing boy's devotion I felt toward this magnificent priest. And in a pathetic way I became his right-hand man. I was with him every day. I believe I was his only altar-boy, and though I was too small to be made the confidant of his troubles, I knew enough from his looks and from chance words to guess what they were.

There were perhaps 500 Catholics in Egremont in a population of 5,000. I have only happy recollections of those early years, and recall little of religious animosity where everybody seemed to be friends. But we heard the echoes of riots at Cleator where Catholics were numerous. Once I caught some talk among my elders of opposition they remembered to the establishment of a Catholic church and of the ruse by which land was obtained on the edge of the town. There was a pre-Reformation Anglican church of St. Mary's, recently restored. I only once remember seeing my father in a politico-religious dispute, and this was with a doctor substituting for Dr. Calderwood, bearded and genial, who was a great friend of the family. Baptists, Methodists, Blue Ribbon temperance people, the Salvation Army—these we seemed to see only at meetings at the market cross. There Salvation lasses sang on their toes; Tom Nicholson, who had been saved, rolled his eyes and invoked the blood of the Lamb; mad Mrs. Barnett, whose sons owned the gasworks, walked with her hair down; crazy Jimmy the Fiddler footed it as he played or broke into tempests that cleared the street. There were Orangemen, quiescent and remote, by the castle moat, in whose homes we saw King William crossing the Boyne and who hung heather and lilies over arches in July. And there was a Catholic fife and drum band that came down Main Street with many shakings, tall fellows by whose sides we tramped with enthusiasm.

Egremont was an ancient Cumberland market town. It had grown round a moated castle built by William de Meschines in 1120, the arches of which still crowned the green hill down which we rolled eggs at Easter and as truant boys endlessly explored. Main Street descended from the Whitehaven road to near the castle walls, dividing at the Cross to go left over the Ehen, known locally as the "beck," deep into the terrifying loneliness of Derwentwater and the lake country, and wound on the right through haunted lanes of barns and trees to Netherlands by the shore, where periwinkles abounded, and whence you could see the Isle of Man.

From the gardens of our house, sloping to the beck, we looked at Scawfell, the highest peak in England, beyond which you came to the edge of the world and fell over. From year to year we looked forward to the fair, on the eve, day and morrow of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, when a greased pole with a leg of lamb materialized in the night at the Cross, stalls and farmers filled the space around the Wheat Sheaf, and carts paraded heaped with apples that we caught in midair. Stallions, big and round as steam engines, bounding like balls at the ends of hostlers' strings, came from the common. Cartmen on carts so slow that they went backwards called: "Woho's t'gahan, Jack?" And Jack would answer: "Aa's gahan yhaam." From the Wheat Sheaf our father on a high horse and in festive array would lead the parade of Oddfellows, which was not Masonic, and I, when I was ten, rode as Robin Hood as far as Lowther Castle in Whitehaven. The echo of hoofs on hard roads, the slow diminuendo of creaking carts, the whistle of the Flying Dutchman down from Scotland, the voice of the town crier, the wailing of winds in the trees round St. Mary's, came in with the air as the grate fire shook and the windows rattled.

Up the chapel lane from Main Street, fording skitter beck before it became the castle moat, toward the woods that hid the road to the sea, along a lane that sank into blackberry bushes melodious with birds, the thin Catholic congregation filed on Sunday, a scanty group to bear the burden of a church and school. From the altar the talk was often of debts, and Father Worden's countenance was troubled and his voice mournful. In later days there came a priest, black as a Hindoo, with a voice like the roar of a bull, who got unheard-of money out of the town and built a new beautiful church and school. But Father Worden was better at giving money away than raising it, and was in the chronic condition of being unable to meet his bills.

My father was a deeply religious man who went to Mass every morning and in his later years formed the habit of saying the priest's Office. He did a great deal for the church and made me do more. For years I called at the parishioners' houses and collected their weekly contributions. With the consent of the Cleator priests I was placed on pay days where I could intercept the Cleator men who worked in the Egremont iron mines and who grumbled greatly at being asked to contribute to two parishes. I sang at concerts and played "Alibaba," "Captain Cook" and the "King of the Cannibal Islands" in entertainments in the Town Hall to raise money. I think I must have given most of my out-of-school hours to this kind of work, but it was a real labor of love. We knew nothing of rake-offs and commissions, and I never got a sixpence for the work or would have taken it.

A time came when at thirteen I was considered old enough to go to college and be really irresponsible, and Father Worden gave me the first lessons in Latin conjugations. When I returned from Ushaw in the midsummer vacation Father Worden had moved to a distant town and I never saw him again. I could never forget him, however, and his image remained fresh in my heart. Often in later years when I roamed in distant places and his letters had ceased, I wondered what had become of him, asking if age could wither or custom stale the splendor of such a manhood.

And then not long ago, across a long interval, I got my answer. Running my eyes down the local news in an English paper I was arrested by a name I had not seen for years and that always sent a wonder through my veins. "The Reverend J. Aelred Worden, 70," read the item, "chaplain at the Brownedge Asylum, died here yesterday."

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Could it be possible? I mused, as the world sank with me. Father Worden—and seventy—and chaplain at the Brownedge Asylum—and now no more. And yet what could be more in keeping? As much angel as man, a being made for love and honor and dignity, such as I have never known since, he had turned from the glory of the world to make of himself a living burnt offering to the ultimate hour. And for some wayward reason the dirge-song of Guiderius in "Cymbeline" came to me:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and tane thy wages.
Golden lads and girlies all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust."

I lingered particularly over that word "golden." It spoke of the springtide of extreme youth in the Cumberland lake country between Scawfell and the sea, of innocence and love and religion commingled, along a green lane where birds strove their loudest with the voices of children in chapel and school, where a lofty cassocked figure, smiling or recollected, walked in wonder and devotion between one tabernacle and another. That figure we children loved with a love greater than men give to women, and out of it we have this perpetual image of all that is noblest in what one life can give to another.

COMMUNICATIONS

CHRIST IN ART

Waterford, Ireland.

TO the Editor: In the September 21 number of THE COMMONWEAL a correspondent, commenting on a reference in the issue of August 24, to the portrayal of Christ unbearded, made this statement: "At the time Christ lived on earth, only philosophers and Jewish mourners wore beards, and authorities on those times tell us it is altogether wrong to portray Christ bearded." And in support of her statement, she quoted C. R. Morey in *Liturgical Arts,* Fall, 1931, who there stated that from the second half of the fourth century, the Asiatic East and Italy began to add the beard, which has become traditional in Christian art.

As no one else has done so, may I bring forward some facts which seem to be historic evidence of considerable weight, that the age-long belief in the bearded Christ has not been a mistaken one?

(1) Taking the Bible as one of the most authentic sources—if not the most authentic—of information regarding the chosen people of God, one finds the following:

(a) In I Kings, xxi, 13, which describes David feigning madness in the presence of Achis, King of Geth: "And his spittle ran down upon his beard."

(b) In II Kings, x, 4, where it is related that Hanon, King of Ammon, suspected David had sent his servants as spies rather than on a friendly errand: "Wherefore Hanon took the servants of David, and shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut away half of their garments." This incident is also mentioned in I Paralipomenon, xix, 4.

(c) In Psalm cxxxii, 2, alluding to the consecration by Moses of Aaron as high priest (Exodus, xxix, 7): "Like the precious ointment on the head that ran down upon the beard, the beard of Aaron."

(d) In Baruch, vi, 30, where the prophet describes the priests of the false gods of the Babylonians, evidently by way of contrast with the Jewish priests: "And priests sit in their temples, having their garments rent and their heads and their beards shaven."

(e) In I Esdras, ix, 3, where he, a priest and doctor of the law, tells of his grief on hearing of the transgressions of the people: "And when I had heard this word, I rent my mantle and my coat, and plucked off the hairs of my head and my beard: and I sat down mourning."

(f) In Ezechiel, v, 1, quoting God's command as foreshowing His judgments upon the Jews under the type of the prophet's hair: "And thou, son of man, take thee a sharp knife that shaveth the hair: and cause it to pass over thy head and over thy beard."

(g) In Leviticus, xiii, 29, and xiv, 9, stating the laws regarding leprosy: "If leprosy break out in the head or the beard of a man," and "on the seventh day he shall shave the hair of his head, and his beard and his eyebrows."

(h) In Jeremias, xlviii, 37, prophesying the chastisements that will come upon the people of Moab because of their pride: "For every head shall be bald, and every beard shall be shaven: all hands shall be tied together and upon every back there shall be haircloth."

From the above, taking it for granted that the persons mentioned, so far from being exceptions, were rather examples of the customs in vogue amongst the Jews, we may gather that beards were worn by (a) kings, (b) their servants, (c) the high priest, (d) and (e) the other priests of the Temple, and (f) prophets; (g) that the wearing of beards was recognized as customary by the Jewish law; (e) the plucking of hair from the beard (as the rending of garments) was a sign of grief, and, lastly, (h) to have the beard shaven was regarded as a degradation.

But Christ is the "Son of David," the "King of kings" of Whose kingship all earthly royalty is but the type.

He is the great High Priest, of Whose eternal priesthood that of the Jews was but symbolic.

He is the Divine Prophet, of Whom all the prophets were but the mouthpieces.

Hence, is it likely that, while on earth, His beard was shaven?

The list of quotations above may be by no means an exhaustive one, containing only those which have come under my own observation, but these seem to be sufficiently conclusive to warrant the belief in the bearded Christ.

(2) Our Lord is represented wearing a beard in the image known as the "True Likeness," with which many of your readers are probably familiar. I refer to the one, the engravings of which bear a Latin inscription which calls it the "true image of the Saviour," and states that it was cut on an emerald by order of Tiberius Caesar, and was afterwards given out of the treasury of Constantinople to Pope Innocent VIII by the Emperor of the Turks, as ransom for his brother who had been taken prisoner by the Christians.

The engravings of this portrait represent a face of singular beauty of feature, with an expression of such dignity and sweetness that one can easily imagine it to be a likeness of our Saviour.

(3) Amongst the illustrations of the article on the Catacombs in "The Catholic Encyclopedia," there is one of a bronze medallion ascribed to the second or third century, representing the heads of Saints Peter and Paul, and both are there depicted as wearing very pronounced beards.

There is, however, another consideration which, perhaps, will have greater weight than even historic evidence with Catholics for whom the Divinity of Christ is an article of faith, and it is this:

Since we know that the Body of Christ is the Body of a

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divine, not a human, Person, i.e., the Body of "God," every drop of His Precious Blood is the object of our supreme worship. But we know, also, that every bone and muscle of that sacred Body, every nerve and sinew, every fiber of His flesh, and every single hair, is likewise worthy of our adoration. This being so, can we for a moment contemplate Christ periodically shaving off His growing beard and casting it away as worthless? To a Catholic, the supposition must be repellant in the extreme.

May I, in conclusion, ask if any of your readers know of the existence of a crucifix on which the figure is beardless?

It would be difficult to understand how a mistake in such an important detail could, in the first instance, be made, and secondly, remain undiscovered through so many centuries.

SISTER MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

THE RECENT ELECTION

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: It is distressing travesty upon the sanctity of the ballot that today, a fortnight after the date of the general election, the people of Allegheny County remain in ignorance of the result of their polling for representatives in the state and national legislative bodies. As Democratic congressional candidate in the Thirty-second Pennsylvania District, I am one of the unhappy group still actually in the dark as to a destiny that should have been settled past question twenty-four hours after the closing of the polls. At the rate the entire proceeding creeps forward, it might appear that order will not appear from the chaos much before the convening of the new Congress in December, 1933, and that the proposed "lame duck" amendment is a little ahead of our time, after all, despite modern achievements in communication and transportation.

Personally, however, I am patient—just as patient as I am emphatic to maintain that, if all the ballots properly cast in my district were honestly counted as marked by the electors, I would long ago have been returned the victor beyond any shadow of doubt. And because I am patient and tenacious and determined to overlook no avenue of approach to actual justice in my aim to give my district truly popular representation, I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all autumn, winter, spring and summer to defeat chicanery and to establish once more, as far as I am able, the sovereignty of the will of the people.

I do not expect this project to prove any simpler or easier than it has started out to be. Election thieves in this county are no novices at their business. They are often able to cover their tracks right skilfully, especially with the aid of the perhaps well-meant, but indubitably unfortunate, provision of the election law which permits by the inscribing of an X opposite an individual candidate's name, the splitting of a ballot marked for a straight ticket in the party column. In my case, I have excellent reason to believe that much of the splitting noted against me was done by uni-partizan election boards after seven o'clock on the evening of November 8; their nefarious task did not, under the circumstances, call for colossal genius.

Of the press, I ask but one thing: adherence to public-spirited resolution to keep this battle vividly before the electorate until an equitable decision shall be reached. This is more than merely the voice of a political aspirant crying aloud in the wilderness. It is the cause of a numerous band of duly elected candidates whose hard-won laurels stand jeopardized by the machinations of an unscrupulous organization that has been willing to sacrifice the head of its ticket to regain control of lesser offices and the patronage thereunto attached—and as such it is the cause of the public.

Already there has been uncovered by return and recount boards, sufficient evidence of fraud and error to indicate a frantic general attempt to salvage by hook or crook as much as possible from the Republican wreckage. In my congressional district, which went decisively for Roosevelt, my opponent was treated to a more or less official lead of approximately 5,000 votes out of some 45,000 cast. In the Second Ward, for example, the ratio returned against me was a little more than seven to one. Is it reasonable to assume that that proportion of the voters would have balloted for a Republican congressional candidate pledged to oppose on various vital policies the Democratic presidential nominee whom a great many of these same voters supported?

Then, too, there is a multitude of obviously fraudulent discrepancies in the marking of ballots in the Ninth Ward, and though the boxes from the Fourth and Fifteenth Wards have not yet been opened, the face of the returns indicate pretty clearly that much there is also amiss. Need I remark that this is not surprising!

Since Election Day I have had letters, telephone calls and visits in person from a host of men and women who declare positively that they have personal knowledge of "night-riding" and other tricks of the vote-stealing trade. Practically all of these persons are actually afraid to make public disclosure of the information in their possession. A splendid situation in a free republic!

But I shall carry on, and I trust others in predicaments similar to my own will do the same. I shall, if necessary, take my case to Congress itself, and I shall ask the backing of every sincere citizen and organ of public opinion in so doing. The time is ripe to teach our utterly shameless machine politicians an unforgettably salutary lesson that may end with matriculation in the hard school of the federal penitentiary for several of themselves and their henchmen.

ANNE E. FELIX.

SCOPE AND FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor: In your issue of November 9 Dr. Deferrari discusses under the title, "Scope and Function of a University," some matters of immediate concern. He puts the case for the graduate school very ably, and stresses a much-needed point in his plea for properly prepared graduate teachers, who can fire their students with zeal for truth. Some of his major contentions commend themselves to the educator at once, so much so that one hesitates to strike a discordant note. And yet, as Dean Deferrari himself suggests, the ideas presented are "personal, based on such knowledge and experience as the writer may possess." It is to be expected that other persons will have varying views.

It appears that an injustice is done Mr. Flexner. He does not contend, contrary to Dr. Deferrari, that the sole reason for the existence of the university is the extension of knowledge. Rather, Flexner insists that the university should be concerned with four major concerns, the most important of which, to be sure, is research, or the discovery of new knowledge.

It is a bit unfortunate that Dr. Deferrari should recur to the moot question of the practical vs. the academic. Ultimately, we must all regard university and college education as useful, else it has little justification for its existence. Even Newman, who would scarcely be regarded as likely to favor the narrowly

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utilitarian, would, I am sure, sanction this point of view. The essential conflict seems to be, not between the practical and the useless, but rather between the narrowly specialized and the broadly generalized. This is especially true of the liberal college, which must be regarded as an integral part of most universities.

One is forced to the conclusion that Dr. Deferrari is really writing of the graduate school or the research institute rather than the university. Although he states that "a much-needed service to the people would remain unfulfilled" if the university gave no attention to the diffusion as contrasted with the extension of knowledge, he soon forgets this idea, for the true departments of the university are those in which research can be carried on efficiently. The graduate school becomes in fact the university. The sole justification for teaching in the university seems to be the beneficial effect it has on research, in filling the gaps left in extended study. In this, he reverses the position taken by Flexner, who insists that research is of great value to teaching, in the effect it has of rendering it rich and meaningful. The student is lost to Dr. Deferrari except as he becomes grist for the research mill. One is astounded, by the way, to find the inclusion of a department of theology so lightly treated, and no mention made of science and the social studies as fundamental parts of the true university.

Dr. Deferrari objects to the inclusion of the ordinary school of medicine in the university on the ground that it is concerned too exclusively with turning out practitioners. At the same time, the only justification for the education department within every Catholic university is to train Catholic teachers, who, it is quite evident, will become practitioners. While I am happy to find the work of my own department so highly esteemed (some contemporary critics would make short rift of outlawing it entirely!), I must confess that I have personally always tried to justify it on its intrinsic value and the contributions that it may make to the intelligent understanding of an important phase of modern life, rather than because of the merely vocational elements that it contains. If the school of medicine is out because of its narrow vocational interest, so too should be the department of education. One wonders what is the real reason for having the university prepare teachers. We all admit that this is necessary, but it is quite another matter to insist that the university carry on this function. Dr. Deferrari seems reluctant to include this among the functions of the university; the argument from necessity seems the strongest. But will this kind of reasoning give us a sound ideal of the true university?

B. J. Kohlbrenner.

DISTRIBUTISM AGAIN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: I respectfully suggest that the great G. K. C. owes an apology to the (happily) vanishing race of prohibitionists. In the October 12 Commonweal he wrote: "My friend Mr. Hoffman Nickerson recently wrote to The Commonweal an indignant protest against what he considered a compromise with Communism; asking how it could be reconciled with the admitted doctrine of Saint Thomas, reënforced by Leo XIII, to the effect that a man will normally look after his own property better than other people's. I do not quarrel with him about that; I do not indeed intervene at all in that particular quarrel; it is probable that Mr. Nickerson is right in saying that this primary principle is not affected by the admitted evils of the present system." If indeed the abuse—in this case of private property—removes the use of a thing, then the prohibitionists were right.

Certainly the concentration of industry is an evil, but why make it worse by merging all the mergers, trustifying all the trusts, and calling the result a Soviet government? Homer sometimes nods, said the ancients, and so apparently does our great and good Chesterton.

Finally, I submit (a) that the evil to be attacked is not capitalism but proletarianism, and (b) that under American conditions much of the evil comes because too many people will spend instead of saving, and will try to "get rich quick" by speculative borrowing. Between 1921 and 1929 if half the money spent by the American laborer and his family in the instalment buying of mechanical toys, cars, radios, silk dresses and silk stockings, etc., had been saved, the boom would not have swollen so, and most of those now dependent on charity would now be independent; the fantastically high wages would have made capitalists of all of them. But no, most of them preferred to "blow it in." How we are to make our proletariat economical in the French fashion I do not know. Private property and political liberty, plus legal equality, would seem to include the liberty to make a fool of oneself if one wants to.

Finally I suggest that G. K. C.'s remarks are more applicable to England than to this country: after all the United States has modified unlimited economic competition through its tariff and its immigration systems. And even in these distressed and over-mortgaged days we still have millions of small owners.

Hoffman Nickerson.

AMERICAN SOCIALISM

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor: I wish to call to your attention two incorrect statements in Gerhard Hirschfeld's article entitled "American Socialism" in your issue of November 30. Mr. Hirschfeld states: "Thus (in 1928) the Socialist party polled only a little more than 25,000 votes." The official vote in 1928 was 262,805.

The author quoted the Socialist party platform of 1932 as asking for "public ownership and democratic control of mines, forests, oil and power resources, public utilities dealing with light and power, transportation and communication, and of all other industries." The correct wording of this plank of the platform is "all other *basic* industries" (italics mine). While we may agree that the word "basic" is rather indefinite, nevertheless it is a part of this important plank, and, in fairness, should not be omitted.

Frank P. Doheny.

LOOKING IN THE GLASS

Pittsfield, Mass.

To the Editor: Your alcoholic expert, on the whole, does pretty well. But I fear that in a recent article he created the impression that the alcohol in the various home-made brews is derived from the fruits and plants used. Now take dandelion wine. My chemical friend tells me that the dandelion merely furnishes the flavoring—that the kick comes from the sugar. It is the alcohol in the sugar that preserves the preserves. A baker told me that the sugar he placed in the bread supplied the necessary alcoholic content. Nature gives us enough alcohol in the several foods for all human needs. The proportion is perfect. Man wasn't satisfied with that, so he went in for volume production and consumption.

Joseph Hollister.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Biography

NOW THAT "The Good Earth" has passed on to a not wholly deserved oblivion, the Theatre Guild has settled down to its less ambitious annual routine of producing one or more "adult" comedies. "Biography," by S. N. Behrman, author of "The Second Man," is one of those plays in which Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt would probably have acted had they remained another season with the Guild. In their absence, the corresponding parts are taken by Ina Claire and Earle Larimore. For Miss Claire, as one of the most brilliant graduates of the musical review stage, this is an opportunity of rare proportions. She takes proportionate advantage of it to give the best personal performance of her interesting career.

Reverting to the play itself, one can sum it up without difficulty as the flattering portrait of an amoral lady. Marion Froude (Miss Claire) had her origins in a Tennessee town, and has splashed her career as a portrait painter all over the globe, mixing art with love affairs from New York to Moscow and across the Pacific again to Hollywood. Crowned heads have followed Soviet leaders on her canvases, and been followed in turn by fatuous screen celebrities. One infers that the mediocrity of Marion's painting talent has found compensation in her ability to draw out her subjects, and to make them glow in the light of keen feminine sympathy. One also infers that the cases which extended far beyond sympathy were in no sense matters of convenience but rather of genuine, if brief, affection. In short, Marion has done just exactly what she wanted to do, following no other standard than her own convenience and inclination, and has been quite untroubled by a conscience of any sort except that special variety which carefully avoids "hurting" people's feelings. The point is that because of her ability to retain friendships as a sequel to more serious attachments, she is incapable of appraising the deeper disfigurement she brings on other lives. One might add that the author, Mr. Behrman, shows the same incapacity. He writes of and for Marion as if he believed her to be quite an angel of temporary favors. The audience must do some thinking of its own to discover that Marion's cast-offs are treated almost as comedy characters, and that their deformities, due partly to Marion's own influence, are exhibited as amusing contrasts to Marion's own smug assurance.

When the radical young editor of a popular fiction magazine offers Marion a $2,000 advance to write her biography in serial form, she undertakes the task briskly enough, and is also amused and stirred by the cynical contempt of the editor himself. In time, she adds him to her list of conquests. At the same time, however, her first ardent admirer from Tennessee turns up—almost forgotten and radically changed as a result of his early bitterness. From a young man of sensitive earnestness, he has become a successful country lawyer with senatorial ambitions and manners. He is one of the deformities. Until the last act, Mr. Behrman treats him as superlative comedy. By that time, the memories stirred in the process of writing her biography have softened Marion a trifle, and opened her eyes the least bit. But she packs off Leander Nolan with a reasonably light heart, none the less, and turns to the more difficult task of saying good-by to Richard Kurt, the young editor. He, it seems, is inconveniently intolerant. Of course she dismisses him with a fond embrace. Nothing must be bitter or messy in her life! The others can carry silently the burden she so lightly throws off.

Now it is quite obvious that a play of this sort could be written with a superb combination of irony and perception, of charity and devastating honesty, in such a fashion, that is, as to show at one glance the self-defensive egotism of Marion's type. But Mr. Behrman has not written that kind of a play. The audience is expected to see everything through Marion's own eyes, to laugh at those who amuse her, and to like those whom she likes. To repeat, the play is a flattering but not a revealing portrait of an amoral lady. It condones what it should be wise enough to dissect. In its attempt to be "adult" (tolerant) it is merely naive and immature and irritatingly superficial. It is all of a piece with the temper of a sophisticated world that still refuses to face honest realities and to seek forthright values. It merely glorifies the floating emotionalism that is the flimsy paradise of all predatory egotists.

Miss Claire gives Marion ample range and dimension. Her performance, in fact, is worthy of a much more interesting dramatic heroine. Earle Larimore is a bit too intense and rigid as the young editor. However, as that excellent actor, Jay Fassett, also overplays the caricature features of Leander Nolan, it is possible that Philip Moeller, as director, may be to blame for dehumanizing these two parts even beyond the brittle limits of Mr. Behrman's lines. The tendency to place everyone except Marion in a humorous light destroys the last possibility of true balance in a play that is inherently lopsided. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Show-Off

AT LAST we have the long overdue revival of one of George Kelly's very best plays. It is eight years since Aubrey Piper first burst upon the delighted consciousness of New York audiences, eight years since his unbelievable laugh first glorified and simultaneously demolished the inferiority complex. In two short hours, Kelly struck the top-hat off of all serious discussion of inferior beings trying to play a big compensating rôle in the minds of their friends. In doing so, he lacked no charity. He made you laugh with Aubrey almost as much as at him. He showed you the decency and the pathos beneath the everlasting bluff. He showed you real ability to match cheap bombast. At his worst, Aubrey is a harmless irritant. At his best, he actually helps to save the family fortunes. He is never unkind. If he had no other virtue, the world would forgive him, for that alone, a deal of his idiocy.

And now Aubrey is back with us—this time with Raymond Walburn playing the part created by the late Louis John Bartels, and with Jean Adair playing the lengthy part of that inimitable philosopher, Aubrey's mother-in-law, Mrs. Fisher. The current revival, sponsored by Messrs. Wee and Leventhal is just one of those occasions for real rejoicing in today's theatre. Mr. Walburn is thoroughly at home in the part of Aubrey. He played it previously in London, and also in the road company in this country. Jean Adair's performance is one of the best bits of its kind to be seen these days, utterly natural and never missing a good point. The supporting cast is more than adequate, so that the play has all of its old vigor and delightful comment. It is of the "undated" variety. The motivations are as universal today as they were eight years ago. The proportionate values are the same. The play is still eloquently human and still hides abundant charity beneath its humorously caustic surface. (At the Hudson Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Rhode Island Hero

Roger Williams, New England Firebrand, by James Ernst. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

WHILE theocracy and oligarchy were fashioning the Bay colony and those other colonies which felt its influence, there came to Boston in 1630 a young minister from England who had found even the Separatists too conservative for his rebel soul. Rejecting the Old Testament law and the Genevan pattern of government, and affirming "it lamentably against the Testimony of Christ Jesus for the civil state to impose upon the souls of the people a religion, a worship, a ministry," this young Puritan soon found himself in difficulties that were to continue the remainder of his life.

"In reality," says Mr. James Ernst, "Massachusetts missed a great destiny. She, like the base Judean, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe." Eventually, after six years at Salem, Williams was banished from the Bay colony to make his experiment in religious liberty at the headwaters of the Narragansett Bay. During his Salem ministry Williams had befriended the Indians and had preached to them, in a manner they could understand, not the doctrines of any church but the simple tenets of Christ. One of his first quarrels with the Bay colony was over the manner of acquiring Indian lands by spurious purchase; when, after his banishment he went to what is now Rhode Island, he was given, in successive gifts, land grants the only price of which was his unquestioned services to the Indian.

During the thirty odd years of his life in England Williams had been the intimate of the leaders of the revolution there gathering force. Indeed he was among its early agitators. But his theories had gone beyond those of most of the men of his time, and like many another prophet without honor in his own country he sought another. The experiment at Providence was to prove the fruit of his original thinking. On acquiring the land, he held proprietary rights until his followers showed themselves capable of self-discipline. Then he gave outright most of the lands he had acquired and with that gift, though he knew it meant eventual loss of power, went the civil rights to the property.

From the first Williams had insisted upon one thing, that civil law was not to interfere with religious liberty. Nor did he even restrict that liberty, as did the Marylanders, to those of the Christian faith. All were welcome. Consequently an odd collection of men of varying faiths came to Providence as a refuge from the less tolerant colonies. Dissensions arose and some men used the cloak of religious freedom to cover civil offenses. But that one idea of religious freedom remained fixed, and eventually overflowed the boundaries of the colony and became, in the federal Constitution, a safeguard to all.

The civil compact which formed the basis of the Providence experiment was the first purely social contract in history creating a civil state. Two interpretive principles were peculiarly Williams's own: absolute freedom of conscience from civil control, whether in religious matters or "a persuasion fixed in the mind and heart of man"; and that the civil state ought to give each individual "the civil right and privileges due him as a man, a subject and a citizen." More than that, Williams secured from the Puritanic government of England a charter confirming those privileges and a like one later from the autocratic Charles II.

While in England securing the first charter Williams was astounded at the turn the revolution was taking, and in his "Bloudy Tenant," printed just after he had embarked for America, he castigated the Puritan régime and expounded the theories he was putting into practice in Providence. Unhappily for England, his model was not then used for guidance. In another pamphlet he condemned the Puritan methods, saying: "You are not charged with the souls in England, Scotland and Ireland: we shall humbly affirm, and by the help of Christ maintain, that the bodies and goods of the subjects is your charge; their souls and yours set in the account to Christ." And he asked "why even the Papists . . . may not be permitted?"

"Forcing of conscience is soul rape," cried Roger Williams. "No man should be bound to worship or maintain a worship against his own will." Radical utterances, these, in the Europe or the America of Williams's day.

He brought a third thought into England. Against Parliament and Hobbes and all the rest he denied that the common people were unfit for civil power and held that in addition to separation of Church and state there must be government by the consent of all the classes governed. Where else have we heard these doctrines before the eighteenth century? Williams had become the spokesman for reforming the Reformation; and it needed reforming. The revolution settled down into a bourgeois uprising, but Mr. Ernst says: "The new order of society destined to grow out of the Reformation and the Renaissance . . . had been born at Providence with Mr. Williams as midwife."

The facts of Williams's life are given at considerable length in Mr. Ernst's book, together with all the controversies in which he engaged. Indeed, the whole picture as presented by Mr. Ernst is a great adventure which tells itself, with the aid of his able pen, without the "glorifying" methods of some of our biographers of contemporary men. Wherever space permits he lets Williams speak through quotations from his own works, and these quotations are as inspiring as the day they were written. It is not a popular biography in the sense of fictionized works such as Emil Ludwig turns out, but it has a compelling swing that comes from an honest and conscientious treatment of a virile and absorbing character.

STUART D. GOULDING.

Mrs. Eddy and Her Biographers

Mary Baker Eddy, the Truth and the Tradition, by Ernest Sutherland Bates and John V. Dittemore. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

DR. BATES, formerly a professor at the University of Oregon, commands the reputation of an accurate scholar and an engaging writer. Mr. Dittemore, for ten years a director of the Mother Church of Christ (Scientist) at Boston, owns an immense collection of unpublished documents pertinent to Mrs. Eddy's astounding career. With Dr. Bates doing the analysis and composition and Mr. Dittemore handing him the wherewithal, the production of the present book could hardly have been more wisely manned and executed. The result comes well up to expectations. It tells a strange and complex story. It is the best extant biography of Mrs. Eddy—for the lay reader, one should add. The Christian Scientist, of course, will regard it as only another regrettable manifestation of mortal mind, error and malicious animal magnetism; he will prudently keep away from its diabolical display of tough fact.

Five books on Mrs. Eddy are now readily available. Of these, the officially inspired and approved biography of Sybil Wilbur suffered no serious competition from its publication in 1907 until 1929. Although it is sadly biased and misleading to

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all who are outside the fold of "Science," its possession of the field was disputed only by Georgina Milmine's "Life" (1909) and Adam Dickey's "Memoirs" (1927), both of which, because of their embarrassing revelations, were successfully suppressed by loyal Scientists. In 1929, Edwin Franden Dakin's large and heavily documented work for the first time placed the most significant material at the disposal of every curious reader, to the astonishment and entertainment of the public and to the dismay of the faithful. Further efforts at suppression and boycott proving fruitless, Lyman Powell was persuaded to write his "life-sized portrait" in 1930. This was a deplorable effort, redeemed only by its touches of unconscious humor and its curiously sophomoric style. It was accompanied to the bookstalls by Mrs. Springer's "According to the Flesh," a frank and readable account, which, however, added but little to Dakin.

The undersigned writer had the interesting task of reviewing several of these former Eddy biographies in this place. In reading Dakin and Springer with some enthusiasm, and in expressing some gentle amusement at the officially approved attitude and method of Powell, he was conscious of the fact that his responses were conditioned by no Scientific experiences or leanings. He could not approach his subject with that singular species of spirituality demanded by Mrs. Eddy's followers, nor could he discuss it with the still more singular vocabulary and dialectic of "Science and Health." He could apply only the modest standards which he had developed after his early training at the hands of simple ecclesiastics of older faiths and after his submission to professors of the ancient humanities and modern sciences. Thus prejudiced by the limitations of his mortal mind, which attaches a perhaps exaggerated importance to mere fact and common-or-garden logic, he finds the Bates-Dittemore book of very ponderable value. It is free from Dakin's adolescent flights into sentiment and psychology, fuller than Springer, opulent with fresh and intimate evidence, and written in a sure style. Yet it presents substantially the same picture that those two heretical works exhibited.

This picture of the mother of the new religion is curiously contradictory. There is now no doubt that Mrs. Eddy was an inspired enthusiast, capable of a mystical exaltation that would command admiration anywhere, had it not been coupled with a stubborn disregard for that plain kind of truth-telling which is honored by humble writers of copy-book maxims. Nor could her spiritual flights enable her to attain to what is commonly known as decent behavior on occasions when one would expect her to stand by her troubled disciples; mortal mind, trained to expect at least a show of fair play, can often see only her cowardice, jealousy and treachery. Holding to the undoubted truth that many fleshly ills are of mental origin, she might have won secure recognition as a curative genius, had she not pushed the matter far beyond all credibility and had she not herself been for years a victim of morphine addiction. She produced a book which is at once the most influential of American "popular bibles" and one of the most extravagantly atrocious specimens of English style. Without knowing any distinction between the words "faculty" and "curriculum" she founded a college and awarded degrees. While she brought to the world a system which affected a complete scorn of the material, the only qualities for which she can be given unreserved admiration are the purely material ones: those of the great organizer, promoter, tyrant and gatherer of money.

Her career was rich in the incredible, particularly in its influences upon thousands of her countrymen; before such extensive and profound gullibility one can only gasp with awe. It was rich in the dramatic; there is a Shakespearean quality about

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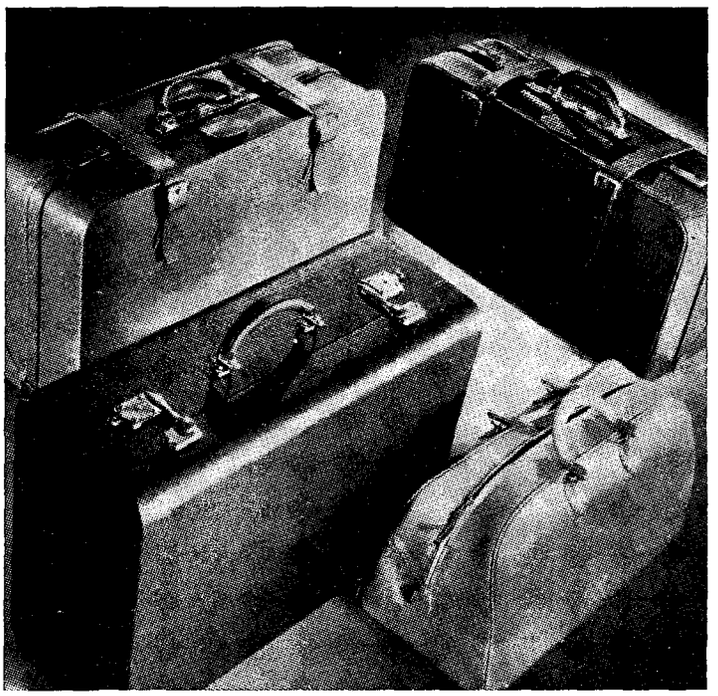

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NEXT WEEK

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, by Frederick A. Moran, Executive Director of the Parole Division of New York State's Correction Department, is a contribution of major importance on the problem of restoring delinquent and criminal persons to useful, self-respecting and reasonably contented citizenship. Mr. Moran writes with the vividness of first-hand information. The article is absorbingly interesting and its recommendations are urgently practical. . . . MUST UNEMPLOYMENT CONTINUE?, by Dr. John A. Ryan, professor at the Catholic University and noted economist, discusses a new panacea for the strange dilemma of poverty in the United States because of an oversupply of real riches, and hammers again on what he holds to be the one effective means for liquidating unemployment without upsetting the large and efficient existing business order. . . . MANUFACTURING THE MAN OF LETTERS, by Ernest Brennecke, jr., of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, describes critically the modern process of teaching the young idea how to shoot words. His thesis is: "Literary talent is actually being discovered, released and trained in our present American system of higher education." The manner in which this is done is graphically described by the writer, who has had twelve years' experience whereof he tells. . . . FATHER JUDGE, by Walter R. Hudson, is a story of a fine special product of America, a man of heroic heart, vigor and simplicity in a specially American setting. Nobody could read this without getting a thrill from it and a real reinspiration to be highly courageous.

her woful struggles in early life and her spectacular rise after the age of sixty. It was rich in the bizarre; one finds overtones of Asiatic or African jungle incantations in the descriptions of her Scientific practices. It was rich in the humorous; the episode of Josephine Woodbury and the Prince of Peace alone is a precious comedy. And the story of Mrs. Corner provides the complementary tragedy.

Mrs. Eddy's life is one of the great and instructive American stories, now presented in a form not likely to be soon surpassed.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Yorkshire Weavers

Inheritance, by Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a story of six generations of Yorkshire weavers, all Oldroyds, all woven of much the same material in much the same pattern, yet each convincing, both in similarity and in divergence. From William Oldroyd, who in the year 1812, contrary to his father's wishes, rides over the Yorkshire moors to court lovely Mary Bamforth, to his great-great-grandson, David Oldroyd, who with Oxford ahead of him in 1930 decides that he cannot leave the woolen mills and the moors of his native north, each member of the family contributes the indefatigable Oldroyd energy to make a vigorous, interesting and thoroughly valuable book. Few modern novels are written with the patience and care of this one. In its ever-sustained narrative it shares the bracing, invigorating quality of its own air, the sturdiness of its own people. It must escape the charge of dullness from the most exacting of critics.

Moreover, it becomes and must remain a story of real value in its depiction of the rise and progress of the woolen industry through a century and a half. Beginning with the home weaving, it presents the first mills by the swift Yorkshire streams; the introduction of frames, which was fought bitterly by the Luddites with dire results to the Oldroyds; the importation of new machinery through the middle years of the nineteenth century; the steady increase in the American demands for English cloth; the effects of American tariffs on its manufacture, and the even more disastrous effects of the Great War. It presents, too, the social side of the picture in its portrayal of early child labor in the mills, the various agitations against it and against the later growth of machinery with its inevitable lack of need for men. Thus it gives a full and coherent picture of more than a century of one phase of English economic and industrial history.

I should call it a first-rate book, admirably balanced in its industrial and in its purely emotional aspects. Perhaps, it is a bit too objective in its steady, even treatment to be a great book. Perhaps, it is too much of a family chronicle to emphasize one character above another. One misses, for example, the concentrated interest which makes a Casterbridge mayor or an Esther Waters unforgettable in their respective tragedies. And yet for its own type of story one will search far for a better.

Not the least of its virtues is its fine descriptions of Yorkshire —its wide horizons, its frosty mornings, its dark moors, its sunsets and gray dawns, its exciting weather—all of which make its people. And these descriptions are so skilfully and economically woven into the narrative that the reader wonders, as he wonders always in "Wuthering Heights," that greatest novel of Yorkshire, just how he has attained such a clear vision, such a feel of the land itself.

Such a work as this must, indeed, be an honest source of deepest satisfaction to a new novelist.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

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With Shadows

The Wife of Rossetti, by Violet Hunt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $4.00.

FOR EVERYBODY who cares to look the late nineteenth century squarely in the face, Violet Hunt's biography is a distinct and massive aid. Her writing has curious flounces, is sometimes bewilderingly frowsy; but very probably no other medium would have sufficed so well to relate a tenuous, mournful, in many ways repulsively odious love story which once formed the very center of Pre-Raphaelite speculation. Everything is here, though sometimes hardly enough of anything. We run the gamut from unfamiliar models, gone like yesteryears' snows, to the great aloof, e.g., Ruskin and Carlyle. Yet the two central figures are vigorously kept in the center of the stage, as if by a manager who dared them to move aside.

The gist of the narrative is the conviction that Elizabeth Siddall committed suicide, in a mood not so different from that which governed Milton's Samson. All that went before was a kind of preparation for this tragic moment; of what followed little need be said. The picture of this languid, beautiful consumptive slum-girl who remained pure and alone until Rossetti married her, and who then lived for the child that could not be born alive, is in all likelihood one of the great biographical portraits of English literature. Into drawing it the author puts colors compounded of earthy grey, sharp-toned, acrid irony, reddish grossness, soft-textured yellow and blue compassion. It has the feel of truth and, if it is true, Miss Siddall, who sat so patiently for many pictures, was a strange heroine indeed.

But if Elizabeth Siddall is the heart of the book, and Dante Gabriel the body, they wear about them the tapestry of many lives, woven into theirs here with a dexterous art which genuinely simulates reality. Sometimes Violet Hunt is given to needless pert judgments. Again she is almost demonstrably wrong. But on the whole she has written a remarkable and solid book, which will be indispensable to those whom the story of the Pre-Raphaelities interests. One part of that story will never be told better than it is here.

PAUL CROWLEY.

American Religion

Forgive Us Our Trespasses, by Lloyd C. Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

WHEN I began to read Lloyd C. Douglas's latest piece of fiction it appeared as dull as Dreiser, and I feared I was once again on "Main Street" in the sorghum molasses, soggy doughnut district, encountering, "Susan, fanning her goiter with the bib of her apron"; and wading knee deep in what I presume are some of the Hoosier State's quaint colloquialisms. Thus father spoke: "You might as well cave in—an' like it! I done it! So kin you! I even larnt to talk like 'em." But Dinny escapes the home environment. He goes to college, working his way through, on the college paper.

Embittered by his Elmer Gantryish uncle, the Baptist minister, and again by the upstage Greek letter frats, Dinny deals with religion and snobbery with a biting cynicism which causes an all-round mental hydrophobia.

Taken to a Catholic church by a charming young friend, Dinny is impressed: "Not much wonder this Catholicism had carried on. . . . Every so often, turbulent little sects had spewed themselves out through the heavy bronze doors of cathedrals to quarrel and dogmatize; obliged, when their fury was spent, to build cheap and ugly little imitations of the eternal thing from which they in their willfulness had fled." But he

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THE LITURGICAL PRESS
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shakes off the mysterious attraction and moves on to New York, where he succeeds in becoming a high salaried columnist. During a trip to Europe he looks over the heads of the remaining monarchs and sizes up things in general and the Church of England in particular.

Through Dinny's college days and almost until the final curtain drops, lovely, womanly Joan eludes him, repelled by his cynical outlook. She cared so much that she couldn't bear to be "that close to perfect happiness—and—and—be robbed of it." There is also another girl who loves him, using some of the modern high-pressure pursuit, but even if there had not been an insuperable obstacle to her desires Dinny would "as soon have married a hoisting machine."

The finding of a letter in a secret drawer of his mother's desk sets Dinny to meditating about the returns on forgiveness. He tries it out as an experiment, a second Durtal "En Route," drawn toward the teaching of Christ, he scarcely knows why; and though he does not advance as far as Huysmans accompanies his hero, his heart is unburdened.

No one could claim for it the sublimated style of a Joris Huysmans, but it is a human document, written with the utmost sincerity. Its popularity may mark perchance a new era for the novel, devoid of obscenity.

CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY.

Everybody's Saint

Saint Elizabeth, by Elisabeth von Schmidt-Pauli. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE LOVE of her husband Louis, the true friendship of Ysentrud and Guda, and her own love for her three little children—all these the Hungarian princess Elizabeth gave up or was forced to give up in her search for perfection. Beside these bonds of human love, the wealth she renounced was as nothing. Most of the emphasis in this account of Saint Elizabeth is laid upon the worldly honors and splendor she renounced, and perhaps that is because in drawing a faithful picture of the luxurious age in which she lived, the author felt this background and description to be necessary.

The love story of Louis and Elizabeth is more detailed in treatment, and the reader is given a charming picture of Louis as a brave knight, whose love for God and striving for individual salvation warred with his love for the Emperor Frederick, and of Elizabeth as a loving wife and mother. Her love was so strong, "that all her love of other people and things was illumined more by her personal happiness than by the light of God," the author says. But when Louis died, Elizabeth was free to give up all and follow in the footsteps of Saint Francis of Assisi who had bequeathed her his cloak to wear. When the dour Magister Conrad comes into the story, and Elizabeth, Ysentrud and Guda, the three faithful friends, strive to obey his harsh precepts, the story becomes most interesting.

Saint Elizabeth's life has the charm of that of the Little Flower, and though differing in a great many ways, they yet are strangely alike. Both were gay and happy in their service, and childlike in their trust and faith. Both died at the age of twenty-four and were canonized shortly after death. Both worked miracles immediately after death.

The Little Flower left us her story with its intimate details as to the life of her soul. Elisabeth von Schmidt-Pauli's book makes us anxious to read the letters sent by Saint Elizabeth's stern advisor Conrad to Pope Gregory IX and the testimony of her female attendants taken by the papal commission.

DOROTHY DAY.

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An Irish Poet

The Wild Bird's Nest: Poems from the Irish by Frank O'Connor; with an essay on the character in Irish literature by A. E. Dublin: Cuala Press. 10/6.

AT THE conclusion of the "The Portrait of the Artist" we find Stephen Daedalus writing in his diary before going into exile: "I go to forge, in the smithy of my soul, the uncreated conscience of my race." It is not surprising to find a man who had been brought up in the defeated atmosphere of the Ireland after Parnell so bitter about the lack of conscience in his people or that he should have found no help in the Anglo-Irish literature of his day. The generation of the Rebellion is equally interested in the racial conscience but it has not always gone into exile in its search. Instead, like Frank O'Connor, several have gone again to reëxamine the material of the older Ireland to seek there for racial characteristics that will ring true to their own experience of Irish life. They thus continue to be moved by the same literature that moved Yeats and A. E. and Synge fifty years ago. But they are moved in an entirely different way. They would have been able to help Joyce where Yeats confused him.

Here is a handful of translations from Irish poetry of the tenth to the eighteenth century, and nothing could be more remote from the attraction of "The Wanderings of Oisin." Here is no charm of mellifluous names or delicate mythology: indeed Mr. O'Connor in translating the "Sleep-song of Grania for Diarmuid" bodily throws out the sweet-sounding names. This poet of the latest generation has been drawn mainly by the humanity of his forebears. Thus, the verses he calls "A Learned Mistress":

"Tell him the tale is a lie!
I love him as much as my life,
So why be jealous of me?
I love him and loathe his wife.

"If he kill me through jealousy now
His wife will perish of spite,
He will die of grief for his wife,
So three shall die in a night.

"All blessings from heaven to earth
On the head of the woman I hate,
And the man I love as my life,
Sudden death be his fate!"

He translates the poems of passion, of patriotic melancholy at defeat, and of vigorous human strength, and translates in a style that is compact, elliptical, local, simple but literary in the best sense, imaginative, and with little regard for romantic rhythms.

In translating he has kept remarkably close to the originals, though he has frequently preferred the essential meaning to the literal one, and not even hesitated to skip verses that the scholars have boggled with.

The small edition is probably exhausted even as I write. It is a Cuala Press booklet, has a foreword by A. E., is the first book in verse from Mr. O'Connor, and the originals, I apologize for mentioning them last, are lovely and passionate and vital. The book is aptly named: the poet has climbed a high, high tree and robbed a wild bird's nest. We now have two prose books from this poet, and this small booklet of translations, and have not yet seen a volume of his own verse.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

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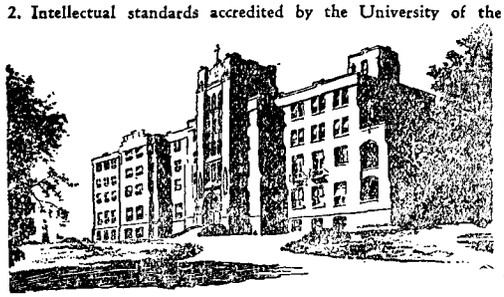
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Briefer Mention

A Passing America, by Cornelius Weygandt. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

MR. WEYGANDT'S very charmingly gotten-up book is equally charmingly written. It is composed of a series of essays on things fast fading from American life; things like covered bridges, coach dogs, meeting-house sheds, gipsy vans, Venetian blinds, log cabins, oxen and brandied peaches. Mr. Weygandt is truly gifted with both a sense of the past and an insight into the meaning of things which are passing, stifled by gasoline fumes, and crushed by radios. His style is delightful, and all in all the book is ideal for a Christmas gift to people over fifty, or even to the young whose minds are curious about odd things their parents loved in the far off nineties or before.

Farewell, Miss Julie Logan, by J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

THE GENTEEL reader will find this book delightful, a marvel of construction, of characterization, of racy, salty language, deft humor and amiable sentiment. The tough-guy type of modern no doubt would find the book was not for him, but the same is true of many excellent things. Scotch tenderness has a quality all its own, because not only is it the tenderness of very simple honest people, but also it is the tenderness of people with a history and a tradition of stoicism who are careful of giving tongue to the tender emotions. This occasions most amusing indirections, at the conveying of which Barrie, of course, is a genius. This little book is pure delight, a perfect thing with just that touch of fancifulness that distinguishes the highest artistic creation.

Hepatica Hawks, by Rachel Fields; engravings on wood by Allen Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE AUTHOR has mysteriously managed to project himself into the thoughts and emotions of Hepatica Hawks—to breathe and think with her in her agonies and joys until Hepatica comes even more alive than Marguerite Ledoux, the bound girl in her "Calico Bush." Compared with "Calico Bush," this book is a slighter performance. It lacks the background, the sweeping, sturdy beauty of the pioneer narrative: but it exceeds it in understanding of an adolescent girl's heart. After the shock about Tony (and the author has been wise enough to let Tony bury himself), the promise of Hepatica's singing comes as a reassuring and too happy ending to a book that charms by its note of utter simplicity.

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